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The Wasted Years

LOOKING BACK AT JOHNSON

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San Francisco State

Urban Campus Prototype

MERVIN B. FREEDMAN

LABOR & STATE: MARRIAGE of CONVENIENCE

Latin America **HENRY W. BERGER** ***Africa*** **STANLEY MEISLER**

Life and Death in Dixie

Biafra, U.S.A. **R. M. ELMAN**

Model-City Murder **CHARLES SHAPIRO**

Paris: The Unexpected Revolution **JEFFRY J. KAPLOW**

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LETTERS

the flexible ape

Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Ronald Sampson ["The Bramble of Power," *The Nation*, Dec. 16, 1968] appears to me to be another 19-century Englishman, focused on the rear-view mirror. He talks at length of man's lust for power, but never defines the term. I am not asking for didactic definitions à la Webster but dynamic ones which show how the substance of the idea works. . . .

Neither fear nor appetite need be the only recognizable motivators for man. Give him a complex organism that *responds* to him and he will turn on with delight; let it try to lead him against his will or moral sense and. . . he will thereupon defeat the system, since he is a far greater master of flexibility than any system I can imagine.

Avery Johnson

draft reform

Watertown, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: At its recent annual meeting, the New York State Conference of the United Church of Christ, while recognizing that the best way to deal with the draft is to abolish it, yet recognizing that it does exist, made the following recommendations for reform:

Lower the maximum age for draft board members from the present 75 years to 65; include selective conscientious objection as a valid position; drop induction as punishment for conduct which Selective Service frowns on; bar all military personnel from the staffs of Selective Service; limit draft board members' term of office to four years instead of the present twenty-five; make local and appeal boards and staffs personnel representative of the racial make-up of the area served; allow draftees one lawyer and up to five witnesses in local and appeal board hearings; select entirely by lottery with educational and occupational deferments dropped; drop exemption for clergy and ministerial students; exempt all men over 25, and eliminate the card-carrying requirement.

Graham R. Hodges, Chairman
Social Action Committee

Muenchausen

Munich, West Germany

DEAR SIRS: As a man who has lived in America and who likes the American people, having found in them a great deal of intelligence and practical sense, I am disgusted by the propaganda directed against America and the Americans in German newspapers, periodicals, TV and radio.

All these mass media are now spreading about you Americans the gross and implausible lie, supported by obviously phony photographs, that your government spends money, and even a great deal of it, on a so-called space program. The latest news in our mass media amounts to no less than the allegation that your government has sent three American citizens in a rocket around the moon.

Most people seem to believe this nonsense, since they don't know the American people as I do. They are inclined to believe that the Americans are imbeciles who spend billions of dollars which are needed for decent housing, schools and hospitals, on a perfectly useless craze.

If I were an American citizen, I would respectfully, but very firmly, ask my great, wise and beloved President to take most severe steps against the spreading of such damaging rumors. It is necessary to inform your President of this space propaganda in German mass media, because American mass media certainly cannot have spread such rumors.

Hans Popper

EDITORIALS

Myths in the Middle East

The Israeli reprisal action at the Beirut airport was indefensible and should be condemned. So too were the earlier hijacking of an Israeli airliner and the shooting up of an El Al jetliner in the Athens airport, and the Arab states should not be permitted to escape responsibility for guerrilla activities which they in fact encourage. Of course the Israeli reprisal constitutes "overreaction"; but as the Israelis see it, their counteractions must be massive to be effective. Self-righteous condemnation of violence and counterviolence in the Middle East will have little effect; what is needed is a serious effort by the UN to carry into effect the resolution adopted by the Security Council on November 22, 1967, which won the approval of both the United States and the Soviet Union. The resolution provides today, as it did when it was adopted, the basis for a settlement between Israel and the Arab states.

The question is, why has the UN been unable to secure acceptance of the resolution by the belligerent states? Part of the answer may be found in an article in the January issue of *The Atlantic* by Charles Yost, which was written before he was named our new Ambassador to the UN. As Mr. Yost sees it, both sides are the victims of myths which prevent them from understanding where their real interests lie. The basic Israeli myth is that "strategic" boundaries and military strength can provide, to a nation of less than 3 million people confronted by twenty times that many adversaries, more permanent security than could an agreed settlement and international guarantees. A related myth is that massive retaliation by Israel will stop Arab raids. The basic Arab myth is simply that Israel is illegitimate and must be destroyed. (Other, less hypnotic, myths are mentioned in the article.)

As long as these illusions continue to exercise their despotic sway, it will be extremely difficult to get the parties to see that their real differences could be settled, with a little ingenuity, within the framework of the Security Council resolution. When an Israeli moderate talks sense, he is promptly undercut by a hyper-militant, and the Arabs point to the fate of the moderate as proof positive that they can never live at peace with Israel. And vice versa. It will not, therefore, be easy to subordinate myth to reality; the fantasies have been propagated too long and with such thoroughness that for either side to abandon those it cherishes would require, first of all, an extraordinarily courageous and far-sighted statesmanship on the part of its leaders.

As Mr. Yost notes: "Both sides are rightly circumscribed by the political consequences of the myths so long drummed into their peoples. They may not be able to recapture the necessary freedom of movement, no matter how much both common sense and national interest may counsel them to do so." He therefore believes that the initiative must come from the outside and that the natural place to look for it is at the UN. Mr. Yost demonstrates that there is no inherent clash of vital interests between Russia and the United States in the Middle East; the belief

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that one exists merely demonstrates that the two great powers, like the belligerents, are more swayed by myths than realities.

A final myth noted by Mr. Yost is that time works for peace in the Middle East; it does not. (See "Once More, With Blood" by Anne Tuckerman, *The Nation,* April 8.) The Security Council resolution has been permitted to languish much too long. If it is not implemented now, it will doubtless signal another round of mounting violence which, if it comes, will merely set the stage for more of the same. At such a juncture, it is some satisfaction to know that the country will be represented at the UN by a spokesman of Mr. Yost's experience, good judgment and clear understanding.

The Moon Will Wait

From a technological viewpoint, and in a sense from a human viewpoint, the Apollo 8 flight was a triumph on a scale without precedent. Only an engineer with some background in astronautics could fully appreciate the precision with which it was done and the risks that were faced and circumvented. Perhaps the tensest moments of all were at the very end, when the capsule had to re-enter through that 2-degree arc, with a quick fiery death awaiting the men if the angle was a little too steep, and a slow death by asphyxiation if it was a little too shallow.

Yes, a triumph, but not a time for euphoria. The moon landing for which NASA is now preparing (and in even greater haste because Apollo 8 was so successful) is far more hazardous. Why all the rush? It is not clear whether we are racing the Soviets or only ourselves. If the Russians still intend to compete—and if Apollo 11, scheduled for next summer, should end with the American contenders stranded on the moon—we might lose not only the crew but the race.

The project entails risks in any event, but these might be reduced if only we could relinquish our insistence on getting the men onto the great slag heap and back to earth before the end of the decade, the date which has assumed such mystic, fetishistic importance in NASA's thinking. As Apollo 11 (or possibly even Apollo 10) is now planned, everything will depend on the precise functioning of the lunar module in which the two men will ride from the mother ship to the moon and back. It must detach flawlessly, land at the prescribed spot, take off again, and couple with the main vehicle. The module will have no backup. Nor will there be more than a partial rehearsal—maneuvers in earth orbit, as planned for Apollo 9, are not the same thing.

Would it not be possible to guide an unmanned lunar module to the desired location on the moon and let it serve as a backup in case the module in which the two astronauts descend should be disabled in landing, or the engine should fail to fire for ascent? Remote control guidance is now so accurate that the back-up, unmanned module could be brought to a landing alongside the main vehicle. Still other precautionary measures might be considered—if it all didn't have to be done before January 1, 1970.

Robert Hotz, editor in chief of *Aviation Week and*

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Space Technology, rejoiced before the Apollo 8 flight that "with a Soyuz and an Apollo carrying the Hammer and Sickle and the Stars and Stripes, respectively, around the moon at about the same time, it would require a phlegmatic world indeed not to get excited at these extraterrestrial Olympics." That is one way of looking at it—the red-blooded sporting instinct, coupled with billions in business for the aerospace industry. But this juvenile, brutal approach is not the one that should dominate NASA's thinking at this critical juncture.

No Bid for Shale

The Interior Department's latest effort to get somebody interested in developing the government's oil shale land seems to have gone for naught. When bids were opened on December 20 for private leasing of three tracts containing $80 million worth of oil (see *The Nation*, December 23), Interior officials discovered that not a single oil company had bothered to submit a bid. The only bids at all, in fact, were $499,000 for two of the tracts by a small company called The Oil Shale Corp. and $625 for one tract from a man in Eugene, Ore. An Interior official termed the bids "absurd" and "ridiculous," and on December 26 the department rejected them.

Over the years, the oil industry has steadfastly resisted development of the shale lands because it feared oil from shale might compete with and undercut the price of their well oil. Yet some observers had guessed that the industry, confronted with growing criticism of their obduracy, might join the bidding—especially since the terms devised by Stewart Udall would have allowed lessees to sit on the land for seven years without paying a cent to Washington. However, the oil companies apparently were so confident of their control over the situation that they decided it was unnecessary to show even the most meager pretense of interest. One factor supporting this attitude might be Nixon's appointment of Alaska Gov. Walter J. Hickel as Secretary of the Interior. A man who made a fortune as a real estate developer and builder, and whose state's prime source of revenue is leasing oil lands, Governor Hickel is not expected to disturb the dormant *status quo* of the oil shale.

California Sleigh Ride

Despite a formerly merited reputation for zealous protection of the consumer (see "Nixon vs. the Consumer," *The Nation*, December 2), the California Public Utilities Commission last fall allowed Pacific Telephone rate increases of $50 million, supplementing the $36 million previously sanctioned by the Federal Communications Commission. Pacific earns about 12 per cent on its common stock and will now have a rate of return higher than what it enjoyed before the state commission reduced phone rates four years ago.

Pacific says that isn't good enough; it will go back for more to the state commission, where General Telephone has a $50 million rate increase pending and Southern California Edison is asking for $60 million. Some of the gas utilities have already filed their rate-increase requests. TVA-sized Pacific Gas and Electric is waiting in the wings, even though its earnings, and those of other California utilities, are up over previous good years.

The governor appoints the five utility commissioners in California. Pat Brown named some good ones, and the decline of California's commission dates from his departure from Sacramento two years ago. Within a month of taking office, Gov. Ronald Reagan replaced two of the three commissioners who had voted to cut Pacific Telephone rates in 1964. Almost immediately, Pacific filed for an increase. Last month, Reagan got rid of the biggest burr in his blanket, Commissioner Bill Bennett, whose term expired.

So now the commission is broken for riding and the utilities are in the saddle. They, in turn, will assure the public—through customer-financed canned editorial services, speakers' bureaus, ads and retainers—that they are the biggest taxpayers around (they collect more for taxes than they turn over to government); that interest on their long-term debt is terribly high (it is increasing by only 2.5 per cent annually and the interest averages 4 per cent, which any homeowner would envy); that gas and electricity (as in Pacific Gas and Electric and San Diego Gas and Electric) are fiercely competitive components of the free enterprise way of life; and that the smart set uses the Princess and the phone extensions (which return to the phone companies ten times what they cost).

Adding the Cubit

Harry Nelson, a medical journalist, wrote a story for the December 15 *Los Angeles Times* that may make legal history. The subject was Ray Tanner, a 33-year-old, 6 ft., 3 in. felon convicted of criminal assault. Tanner's lawyer entered a plea of not guilty by reason of insanity, based on Tanner's abnormal chromosome count. Tanner is an XYY. Of a human being's forty-six chromosomes, two are sex-determinative. For brevity, these are designated X and Y, in desoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) terminology. A normal female is equipped with two Xs, a normal male with one X and one Y. According to a hypothesis for which apparently there is some inconclusive substantiating evidence, the possession by a man of an extra Y puts him into a category which, in prison populations (where most of the investigating has been done), is characterized by extra height and pathologically impulsive behavior.

Without going into details, Nelson says that in one case, in Australia, the defendant in a murder case was freed because he was proved to be an XYY; in France the same defense did not avail. The legal status of the XYY syndrome in the United States is still to be decided. Insanity is a legal concept, and lawyers and judges of traditional temper will probably be inclined to hold that, even though a man is an XYY and even if this subjects him to unusual stresses by reason of innate aggressiveness, he still may be able to distinguish right from wrong and so remain responsible for his actions. Or, as Dr. Erik H. Marcus, an assistant clinical professor of psychiatry at UCLA, puts it: "The concept of right and wrong is a moral

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consideration and moral considerations are not in our genes." Moreover, the connection between human behavior and cell genetics is in an early research stage, and decades may be required to establish firm correliations—if indeed these are found to exist.

A more activist viewpoint came out of Dallas, where the annual jamboree of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, always scheduled between Christmas and New Year's, dealt in an early session with the potentialities of genetic manipulation. Dr. Robert L. Sinsheimer, a biophysicist at the California Institute of Technology and moderator of a panel on the subject, declared the symposium was a "cosmic event"; "We can be the agent of transition to a wholly new path of evolution. . . ." To which Dr. David Daube, a professor of law at Oxford and a specialist in forensic medicine, replied: "The safest course would be to lock all of you up."

But even as he recoiled from the horrors of scientific intervention in what over the aeons has been a province of blind nature, Professor Daube assured the geneticists that he knew it would be both wrong and futile to set limits to their research. He may have remembered that not so long ago, surgery and obstetrics were denounced by the theologians as the work of the devil. While genetic manipulation does pose formidable ethical and social problems, those who set their faces flintily against it are not, as Dr. Sinsheimer pointed out, "among the losers in that chromosomal lottery that so firmly channels our destinies." He spoke not only on behalf of the 250,000 children born each year in the United States with defects that might be remedied by genetic intervention, but also for the 50 million Americans who are classified as "normal" but who must compete in the computer age with an IQ of less than 90. And perhaps also for the XYY population, if the theory concerning them should be confirmed.

Charity and Junk

In *Detroit Scope Magazine* (December 21), under the caption "How Prosperity Is Killing the Charity Business," Ellen Karasik describes a situation which is unfortunately not local. For many years the industrial divisions of such organizations as the Salvation Army, Goodwill Industries, Volunteers of America, and the St. Vincent De Paul Society have operated collection services which pick up discarded furniture, appliances, clothing, etc., from the more or less prosperous classes and resell them for the benefit of the poor. In many of these organizations homeless and handicapped persons are employed to repair articles that can be profitably restored to operating condition. These divisions are expected to make a profit, however marginal, and receive no funds from the United Community Service, although other divisions of the same charity may receive such help.

In the past the industrial divisions have been in the black often enough to keep going. Now, in Detroit—in a period of prosperity, and with increased calls for pick-up (8,000 a week)—the four organizations listed ran a combined 1968 deficit of more than $250,000.

There are several reasons for this depression in the midst of prosperity, causing additional suffering among those who have already suffered enough. One is that with employment at a high level, agencies unable to pay much more than the minimum wage cannot compete for drivers and other help. Thus Goodwill, with thirty-eight trucks in Detroit, seldom has more than fifteen on the road and pick-ups are delayed for two or three weeks. Goodwill also must decline to pick up major appliances—refrigerators, automatic washers, driers, etc.—because many of its employees have only one arm and cannot handle heavy items. A related difficulty is getting and keeping skilled people for repair of automated machinery, much of which, after diagnosis (itself costly), turns out to be beyond rehabilitation. Formerly, when there was a market for scrap, Goodwill could sell these materials and at least break even, but with scrap selling at $4 a ton the cost of taking broken appliances to the junkyard is greater than the proceeds.

"Aside from not having the drivers," reports Dr. John Hoskins, executive director of Goodwill, "we're picking up trash. . . . The cost for picking up the salvage is two or three times greater than what the salvage brings. . . ." This despite the fact that Goodwill uses zonal pick-up, a highly efficient computerized system which cost J. L. Hudson Co. $80,000 to engineer for itself and which it donated to Goodwill. The system was put in national operation with the help of a federal grant of $850,000. Nevertheless, Goodwill is said to be losing money, and its national board is casting about for ways to stay in business.

Of course much money would be saved if people brought their contributions to central collection depots. Both the Salvation Army and Goodwill have experimented with collection boxes at shopping centers. In the Detroit metropolitan area Goodwill has 195 such boxes. The trouble is that so many people use them as a free trash-disposal system. This is true elsewhere. In the New York metropolitan area, a box was placed in a supermarket, but so many shoppers used it for trash disposal that Goodwill finally had to abandon it.

Reunion

The Nation takes great pleasure in announcing the return of Ernest Gruening to its editorial staff. In the past managing editor and editor of the magazine, former Senator Gruening rejoins the staff with this issue as Editorial Associate. Alaska has lost a fine spokesman in Washington, and the Senate is deprived of one of its most useful and distinguished members; but *The Nation* has regained an old and valued colleague.

John Steinbeck

Henry George and Bret Harte were first-generation Californians, although both were born elsewhere; Frank Norris and John Steinbeck were second-generation Californians (although Norris was born in the East). The identification with California is not fortuitous; all four were profoundly influenced by their exposure—and response—to certain qualities in the state's social environment. When their inspiration was drawn directly from this environment, they were fine artists (George's *Progress and*

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Poverty is, in some respects, a work of art). But once they left California or tried to write about other scenes, they were disappointing. Norris' *Blix* and *A Man's Woman*, written while he was living in the East, hardly compare with *McTeague* or *The Octopus*. George and Harte never wrote about anything as well as they wrote about California. Norris, as many other California writers have done, misread his own experience. "Dying Fires"—a bad story—is about a California writer of talent who went East and was corrupted by the wicked Bohemian ways of New York.

John Steinbeck was a sensitive and accurate observer of two worlds: that of Salinas, "the salad bowl of America," and of Monterey, close by in terms of space but still quite another world, at least in the days of the fish canneries. His best work—*Tortilla Flat, Of Mice and Men, In Dubious Battle, The Red Pony, Cannery Row* and *The Grapes of Wrath*—stems from his intimate knowledge of these two quite diverse worlds. Little of what he wrote after *The Grapes of Wrath*, beginning with *The Moon Is Down*, measures up to his early work. *East of Eden* and *The Wayward Bus* are about California, but seen from a distance.

Steinbeck also seemed to have lost his political sense once he left California. At the outset of his career, he was actively interested in some of the social issues with which his fiction dealt. His San Francisco *News* series on migratory farm labor was reprinted as a pamphlet—"Their Blood Is Strong"—and used most effectively by the Simon J. Lubin Society. Later he lent his name to the Steinbeck Committee to Aid Agricultural Workers. But these interests lapsed when he moved East.

In his later years he managed to sound at times like a one-man "Voice of America," extolling American pieties and taking a hawkish position on the war in Vietnam. The difference between these two Steinbecks was that the first wrote about experiences and scenes he knew at first hand, the other did not quite know what he wanted to write about or what he wanted to say.

Appropriately enough, Steinbeck was buried in Salinas.

SAN FRANCISCO STATE

URBAN CAMPUS PROTOTYPE

MERVIN B. FREEDMAN
Mr. Freedman is the author of The College Experience, *portions of which appeared in* The Nation.

San Francisco

I teach at San Francisco State College. Along with several dozen faculty members and students, I stand at a fifth-floor window and watch a noontime rally of strikers and their supporters. After an hour or so of speeches, the crowd displays a certain agitation. Police begin to appear on the scene. They march and countermarch in squads and platoons. Eventually skirmishing and some open fighting develop. Several dozen strikers and bystanders are clubbed and hauled off in paddy wagons. Some policemen are injured, mostly by rocks and other missiles. The warfare lasts for about an hour. An uneasy calm then settles on the campus, and at noon the next day almost the same scene is repeated, like a regularly scheduled public spectacle. [See "San Francisco State: How to Wreck a Campus" by David Swanston, *The Nation*, January 8, 1968.]

As I watch these terrifying events, various images come to mind—the Hapsburgs or Romanovs looking down from the palace windows through the snows of Vienna and St. Petersburg at the cavalry clashing with students and workers. From time to time the military quality of the scene below suggests that I have assumed the vantage point of some 19th-century general, Napoleon at Austerlitz, perhaps, surveying a battle from a hill through a spyglass. Since I was raised in Ocean Hill in Brooklyn and served in World War II for three and one-half years as an enlisted man, before I was commissioned a second lieutenant, identifications with emperors and generals are not particularly congenial. The most apposite image to come to mind is Oswald Spengler's—the Roman soldier grimly going about his business (in my case teaching my classes off-campus), while his world crumbles. But I am not a very good Roman soldier, either. I have too many doubts. So I go about in a whirl, torn by contradictory impulses.

Only the theatre of the absurd can do justice to some of the scenes at ground level. I stand in a crowd of strikers who are about to hold a rally. The crowd is San Francisco—pretty blondes dressed like Sacagawea, chic black girls with natural hair, assorted Oriental and brown-skinned young people conservatively dressed, and dignified black adults, goateed black young men, bearded and long-haired white young men, clergymen with clerical collars, gray-haired white adults. I recognize some people—students, faculty members, prominent San Francisco politicians. Who are the others—strikers, supporters, onlookers, townspeople, police spies? Who knows? Suddenly a voice booms out from loud-speakers: "This is Acting President Hayakawa." He is standing on the roof of the Administration Building 100 yards away. A great chorus of boos goes up from the crowd. President Hayakawa proceeds to pontificate over the loud-speakers in donnish tones. (The remoteness of leader from public somehow reminds me of Mussolini haranguing his vassals from the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia.) Meanwhile the crowd at the strike rally takes up a chant, "Fuck Hayakawa" (although most of the older adults do not join in). The President terminates his remarks by wishing his audience a Merry Christmas. The crowd responds to this seasonal civility with hoots of derision and paroxysms of laughter. My com-

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panion throughout this scene, a young assistant professor, Yale A.B. and Stanford Ph.D., has been rendered almost catatonic. Finally he blurts out, "This is too much."

The situation of San Francisco State College baffles description and analysis. The Black Students Union and the Third World Liberation Front (composed of other minorities; for example, Orientals and Mexican-Americans) have called for a strike. Their demands, centered on more support and autonomy for black and other nonwhite students, faculty and programs, range from stipulations that most students, administrators and faculty consider reasonable to those that seem extreme and very difficult to meet—the demand, for example, that the college admit *all* nonwhite students who apply for the fall semester of 1969-70. Spokesmen for the Black Students Union and the Third World Liberation Front state that they will not compromise their demands. Certain activities disruptive of academic procedures have been carried out. Classrooms have been invaded, bomb threats have been phoned in, small explosive devices have been set off, fires have been started, etc. Serious injuries have been few and damage relatively slight, but it is certain that the climate is troubled and alarmed. Many classes now meet off-campus in dormitories, homes, churches and the like. A union of faculty members, an affiliate of the American Federation of Teachers, is attempting to obtain wider union support for a faculty strike. The split between faculty members and the board of trustees of the state colleges has been growing for a long time; now one of the faculty demands is that the trustees, who have been as adamant as the striking students in their refusal to negotiate, enter into discussion with strikers, both faculty and student.

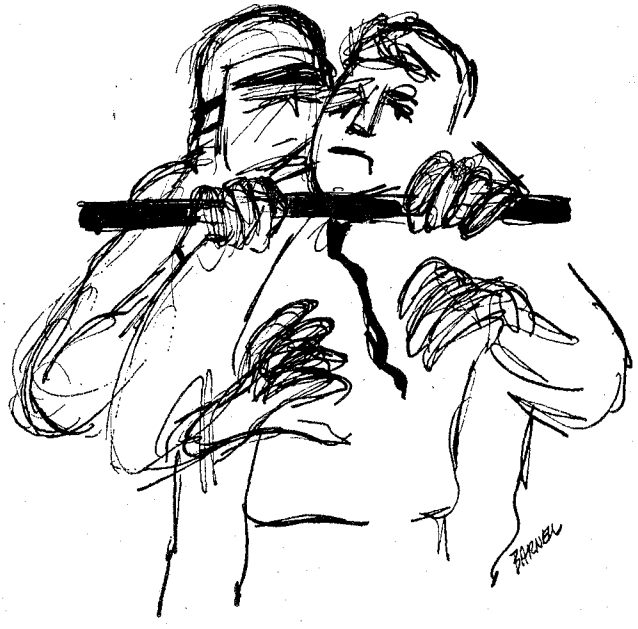
At dinner parties I am harassed by the question, "What is the solution?" By now I have a reply ready. There is, I say, no solution in the present focus. The problem of San Franscisco State College is the problem of all urban campuses, and it is the basic problem of American urban society generally. Can whites, blacks, browns, reds, yellows, adults, youth, hippies, straights, revolutionaries, conservatives live together in sufficient harmony to maintain some orderly processes of society? The answer is not yet final, but the data at hand are not encouraging. Some years back I used to make predictions about complex social events, but I lack such confidence now. I offer the reader three alternatives:

(*1*) The disorders on campuses are but transitory phenomena which will end soon.

(*2*) During the next decade the San Francisco State situation will become the norm for urban college campuses and for cities generally. Disorder, explosions, fires, guerrilla warfare, strikes will be common events. At the end of this time a more just, humane and peaceable society will emerge.

(*3*) Out of recurrent tension and disorder will issue a Fascist state. College campuses and society generally will increasingly resemble South Africa.

San Francisco State is unique in some respects. It has suffered in recent years from an absence of leadership because of rapid turnover of presidents. The California state college bureaucracy is rigid and cumbersome. Militants in San Francisco are very militant, and conservatives in California, followers of Ronald Reagan or Max Rafferty, are very primitive. But the problems of San Francisco State are basically the problems of any urban campus, and the future of American higher education is increasingly the large, urban, commuter campus. No simple procedures are available for avoiding repetitions of the calamities at San Francisco State all over the country. The close interplay now seen in every big city between society at large and the urban campus is evident in the San Francisco State scene. The governor of California, the mayor of San Francisco, various state assemblymen and senators, clergymen, leaders of the black, Oriental and Mexican-American communities, and the San Francisco Labor Council have all entered the fight. Von Clausewitz's dictum may be applied to the student strike—it is simply a more militant form of political action.



The urban campus reflects the conflicts of urban society—nonwhite or non-Anglo militancy, alienated middle-class youth, repressive public opinion and public officials, heavy-handed police procedures, drugs, and the like. And as with society at large the system of academic government is not adequate to the task. Jeffersonian-style democracy and checks and balances cannot cope with the pace and the complexity of mass technological society. The traditional campus community also belongs to another age, the 19th century. In static times a system can carry an inadequate leader. When traditional procedures break down, the qualities of the leader assume crucial importance. The United States could accommodate Calvin Coolidge in the 1920s; Columbia University could do likewise with Nicholas Murray Butler. Such indulgences are no longer possible. The president of an urban college must grasp, make evident, and somehow cope with a bewildering variety of issues, for many or for most of which there are no precedents. He is thus sailing stormy and uncharted waters.

The president of an urban campus must attempt to fashion a viable institution out of a student body that is a very mixed bag. The interests of student groups are di-

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verse and often conflicting—jocks versus radicals, upper-middle-class students with educational goals centered on personal development versus lower-middle-class students who are concerned with rising out of their parents' occupational status, minority groups versus more established groups, and sometimes one minority group against another. The governing of most private universities and colleges, where the student body is relatively homogeneous, is a far easier task.

The traditional concept of a campus community is based on the premise that people know one another and share many experiences and concerns. On a fragmented, urban, commuter campus this is hardly the case. The president frequently finds himself discussing an explosive issue with a group of students whom he has not met before. For all he knows, some of these young people may not be students. Should an ex-student be considered a member of the campus community? How about a resident of the local community who has never been enrolled in the college? Should the president refuse to talk to a young man or woman if it develops that he or she is an "outside agitator"?

Needless to say, public opinion is a force with which college presidents must reckon. In California Ronald Reagan, Max Rafferty, and such figures stalk the land, ever alert for signs of sexual immorality, pornography, drugs and radical or unpatriotic sentiments and behavior on campuses. Public support for their views is considerable. In the California gubernatorial election of 1966, Ronald Reagan campaigned very successfully against radicals and hippies on the Berkeley campus of the University of California. I should estimate that the citizenry of California oppose the strike at San Francisco State by a margin well above three to one. In response to this public opinion the trustees of the state college system and the regents of the university system have infringed upon certain faculty prerogatives—for example, in the Eldridge Cleaver case. In a time of George Wallaces and Max Raffertys it may seem ludicrous to suggest that college presidents must educate public officials and citizens at large on the basic issues of intellectual and academic freedom. But they must nevertheless try.

Students and trustees, legislators and public opinion are by no means the limit of the president's concern. When a campus is in turmoil one hears comparatively little about the faculty. This is a serious oversight, as any president knows. A faculty can immobilize a campus as effectively as any other group. One hundred students can bring in the police and cancel classes. Fifteen faculty members can block almost any program by talking it to death.

For the past nine months, I have been studying faculty attitudes toward student militancy and campus unrest. It may be said that faculty members are like other Americans at this time. They are somewhat demoralized, weary of conflict, and they are shifting perceptibly to the right in the face of radical challenge. Most campuses have a small group of faculty whose views resemble Hearst editorials circa 1938 and another minority which supports student dissidence. The majority of faculty members on an urban campus are liberals. Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy were their candidates. They want a fast compromise solution to Vietnam. They want justice along with law and order. But at the gut level of daily action things are not so easy. Respectable professional men bristle when confronted by obscene language, outlandish dress and bad manners. Black militants may frighten them. Differences in personal style can obscure areas of agreement and avenues of potentially profitable exploration.

Faculty members are lords of small empires and masters of orderly schedules. A teacher meets classes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, researches and writes on Tuesday and Thursday. Forty-two lectures on the United States, 1865-1914, are to be delivered in the spring semester. The symphony orchestra will give a concert on December 1, 2, 3, and the Drama Department's performance of *Heartbreak House* takes place on November 10 and 11. Interruptions are resented. One faculty member said to me: "If the college wants to schedule a convocation on Vietnam, let them do it nights or weekends. The convocation took two days out of my teaching. I can't afford to miss two days, considering all the material I have to cover." Roger Heyns, chancellor of the University of California at Berkeley, has made the point that the faculty presumes a college campus to be an institution that almost by definition is to be free of tension. A president must make the faculty see the unreality of such a view in these turbulent times.

The president's domestic complexities are not confined to students, faculty or academic administrators. He must give heed to campus police, secretaries, dormitory residents, business officers and other nonacademic staff. They are an important and neglected element of the community. When three black students meet, a campus police officer suspects that they are up to no good. Secretaries may quake when approached by a black man whose appearance is not respectably middle class. Hippy garb and grooming can be comparable sources of difficulty. These nonacademic contacts can contribute considerably to campus tension.

The financing of higher education for lower-class blacks and other American minority groups is receiving considerable attention at this time. An even more critical issue than finances is the question of what to do with such students once they arrive on campus. College presidents might begin to educate their constituencies concerning some of the implications of black studies. Militant blacks and their allies have thrown light on the hypocritical underpinnings of the "Land of the free and the home of the brave"—the slaughter of Indians, the unjust wars, slavery. They have helped to arrest the march of technology and scientism that a decade ago seemed destined to kill the humanistic spirit. They have greatly contributed to the realization that white, middle-class America does not necessarily walk hand in hand with God. And now they are taking on meritocracy, as exemplified by grades and degrees. They demand that colleges contribute to the development of students rather than that students be tailored to the abstract demands of professions, industry and the like.

Such fundamental issues must be explained and placed

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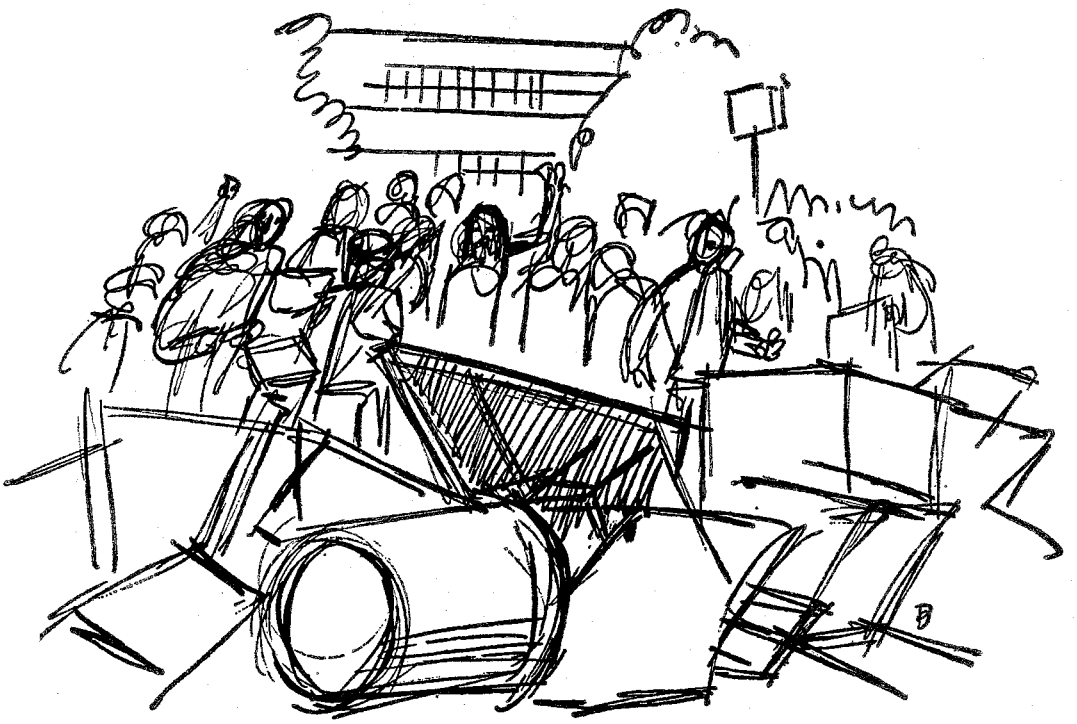

within a framework of rational discussion. It may be that the conflicts besetting the urban campus cannot be solved by reason, but the president must live by the faith that rational debate is still useful. These are revolutionary times, and most middle-aged liberals are ten or fifteen years behind the times. They would have made good college presidents in 1955. They are of the alcohol rather than the drug generation.

In order to talk to dissident students today a president must know where "they are at." He must grasp their sense of outrage and their spirit of anarchy, and recognize the grounds on which they justify confrontation and violence. He must appreciate the appeal of anti-thought. He must be able to talk to students in a language that is not dead. The manners, style and language of rebellion are powerfully evocative. The worst of sins among dissident youth is not to feel. And tired old liberal rhetoric can smother feeling like a blanket. See what it did to Hubert Humphrey's standing with radical youth.

None of this is to suggest that presidents abandon faith in democracy and the meliorative possibilities of the college. They must attempt to draw dissident students into that framework. But the tragic view is in order. They may not be successful in so influencing their students, and it may be that reform of the American system of higher education demands confrontation, that meliorative procedures will not work.

At all events the time for playing it cool is past. I suggest that presidents eschew the role of behind-the-scenes diplomat and administrator and return to the 19th-century concept of president as teacher and orator. Heaven knows, their constituencies have much to learn. They might begin by pointing out to rebellious students that while a revolution evokes an extraordinary sense of freedom and possibility, evocation of a mood is not a political end in itself. History indicates that revolutions cannot be expected to conform to plan, but some coherent vision of the post-revolutionary scene is nevertheless necessary. French students took over the Sorbonne and then did not know what to do with it. They thereby lost much support from the French citizenry. Exegesis of the true state of affairs in the governing of colleges and universities is badly needed. Abuse of the trustees is often misplaced. To be sure, trustees can wield power in tyrannical fashion. More often, however, policy is determined by the faculty. The view of Columbia University as a medieval fief ruled by President Kirk and the trustees is myopic. Rather, President Kirk and his trustees maintained a very loose hegemony over a series of duchies and baronies, the various departments, schools and colleges, most of which enjoyed considerable independence. Above all, a president must find suitable ways for students to participate in the operation of the institution. Only then will students assume true responsibility. Given the nature of campus government, which has grown by accretion, this is no easy task.

A president must hold up to his faculty and his non-academic staff the picture of rigidity and intolerance in which all of us share. The times are too perilous to afford these luxuries. This is not to suggest that faculty members should abandon standards, but some openness and humility are in order. The president might remind a faculty member who is disturbed by disruptions of his class that in five years most of his students are not likely to remember his name, much less what they learned in the laboratory of Botany 1A on April 17. Above all, a president must exhort his faculty and staff to function in their professional environment as any mature citizen must live in our turbulent society—that is, tolerating much confusion and ambiguity. The faculty can ill afford short fuses and snap judgments. Some faculty members are quick to label almost all student protest and dissent an SDS plot to revo-

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lutionize American society. Such facile judgments needlessly polarize factions.

These days the chances are that the president who abandons the role of playing it cool and stands forth to exert moral force will be punished. The president of a complex urban institution faces an almost impossible task under the best of circumstances, and statistics show that they do not last long in their jobs. Like baseball managers they come and go, but unlike baseball managers their reasons for going are rarely publicized. A president who is fired for publicly standing by principle, whose firing therefore means something, is infinitely to be preferred to the president who goes out with a whimper, because he cannot do the near impossible—that is, hold the urban campus together. Certain elements of the public may enjoy the spectacle of a Socrates receiving his just rewards. A president, however, may inspire and unite his own constituency, his students and his faculty, by a display of moral leadership, a commodity which is usually in short supply and which appears to be critically lacking in the United States at this time. Perhaps some foundation could assume the burden of aiding financially those true teachers among college presidents who lose their jobs by taking unambiguous stands on matters of intellectual and academic principle. Foundations have been known to do less rewarding things with their moneys.

THE WASTED YEARS

LOOKING BACK AT JOHNSON

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

It's easy to understand why Lyndon Johnson's favorite philosopher is Eric Hoffer, the San Francisco longshoreman; Hoffer shares the President's deep suspicion of change, of Eastern intellectuals, and of people who can't make it on their own. Yet, as is often true of primitives who wander into the company of the mighty, Hoffer gives us—inadvertently, to be sure, for he would never have applied this to his hero LBJ—the best explanation of the Johnson regime: "no matter how noble the objectives of a government, if it blurs decency and kindness, cheapens human life, and breeds ill will and suspicion—it is an evil government."

Lyndon Johnson, if we take his own word for it, had noble objectives. He wanted to save Asia's soul. It may be that he misjudged the danger and perhaps it wasn't his business to dispense salvation, but no one can seriously doubt that among Johnson's reasons for leading this nation deep into that stupid conflict was the desire to "save" a pack of stubborn Orientals from the "sin" of communism. Just so might a west Texas camp-meeting preacher have dragged his drunken brother to the mourner's bench, whether or not the muscular salvation could be made to stick. The evangelistic impulses that have shaped our foreign policies in the last five years should not be overlooked. Johnson has told more than one person—including society writer Betty Beale—that God regularly comes to him with comfort and advice every morning between 3:30 and 4:30 o'clock. At one of those prayer breakfasts that keep Washington pure in heart, Billy Graham likened Johnson to Jesus in that he had "brought a sword unto the world," and Johnson is said to have felt pretty proud of the analogy.

Domestically, Johnson's objectives—that everyone, no matter how lowly and black, should be able to aspire to become as rich and democratic as he—were no less noble, but he had a much harder time keeping his mind on them. Despite the thin splash of nobility that gilds the frame of Johnson's Administration, the picture within does all those things to decency and kindness and human life that Hoffer was talking about; never, at least in this century, has a President so thoroughly bred ill will and suspicion. As to the how and why of its failure, the usual explanation is that Johnson sank so deep into the bog of Vietnam that he accidentally lost many of the domestic rewards he had meant to give to the American people. A better explanation, however, rests more with the man than with events.

Johnson failed because essentially he is a fickle romantic (except in his own business life), a trifler (except in military matters). Much more concerned with defending his pride than with holding a people together, Johnson surrounded himself with and took advice from tired men, toadies and second-raters. On the eve of his election in 1964, Johnson said it was an achievement "that I have spent my whole life getting ready for." And indeed he had spent a lifetime aiming for the White House, but he had not spent fifteen minutes planning what he would do once he got there.

There is considerable evidence that Johnson imagined himself moving into the Presidency as a bigger-than-life Franklin Delano Roosevelt, whose name for nearly thirty years he had dropped as spoor for the Texas voters to follow. A few weeks ago David Wise wrote in *The New York Times Magazine*: "At the end of the day his face, creased with fatigue, is curiously Rooseveltian, not unlike the large portrait of FDR that hangs on the wall above Mr. Johnson's rocking chair. There is cruel irony in this, for although Johnson admired no man more than FDR, there is no man he more wished to surpass. The Great Society was to have soared far beyond the vision of the New Deal." How far short of that Johnson fell, both in reality and in the minds of the people, is nowhere better measured than in the changing balance of the legislature during the two administrations. In 1934 the Democrats

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won 332 seats in the House, against 313 in 1932—the year Roosevelt was elected—and in the Senate increased their numbers from fifty to sixty-nine, although it is rare for a party to boost its Congressional power in a non-Presidential year. In 1966, two years after Johnson's overwhelming victory in 1964, the Democrats dropped from 295 seats to 246 seats in the House, and in the Senate from sixty-eight to sixty-four.

How does one account for the contrasting response of the nation to the first halves of the two Presidents' work? By 1934, explains historian Dexter Perkins, the Roosevelt administration had "convinced a great many groups of its good will." A great many important groups were just as convinced that Johnson's early burst of activity was spurious. Even at the height of his Presidential power, he inspired suspicion.

If Johnson ever really understood the record of the Roosevelt administration, on which he expatiated in so many speeches, there was no sign of that understanding in his own Administration. The laws enacted by Roosevelt to control and revive the banks, to control Wall Street, to guide wages and prices up in an orderly fashion, to stabilize the monetary system, to resuscitate entire regions (as with TVA), to balance agriculture between bloat and starvation—these were the formidable reform levers Roosevelt used to shift the nation's entire economic structure toward a more progressive course.

When it came Johnson's turn, he was either afraid to match Roosevelt's experiments in the important structural areas, or had no interest in them. Instead, he mimicked FDR only in the area of handouts—the PWA, WPA, CCC, relief strategy of Roosevelt—which may have been the most immediately meaningful to the voter, the most dramatic to his pocketbook on a short-term basis, but transient and insignificant when compared to other Rooseveltian maneuvers.

When Johnson took office, the banks were not too weak; if anything they were too strong, at least too domineering in federal fiscal matters. But he had no plans for changing the situation and developed none during the next five years. By the middle of Johnson's term, interest rates were the highest in forty years and uncontrolled except by the pessimism their own height created; he leaves office with rates in much the same condition. The dollar, many experts say, is dangerously weak, but Johnson turned away from that problem as Roosevelt never did. The condition of the middle-income and low-income farmer is today more precarious than it has been since the depression years, while the big farmers and the agri-businessmen loot the support programs. Johnson has not made a single move during the past five years to bring fair play back to the farm.

Abu, The Tribune (London)

It is true that under Johnson the Cabinet was expanded to include a Department of Transportation and a Department of Housing and Urban Development, both excellent and needed creations, but to date they signify more a regrouping of file cabinets than a redirection of national policy. The structural policies of the government are just about what they were when Johnson took over, the only difference being that the men who administer them are probably more disorganized and more dispirited than they were in 1963.

Back in 1957 Johnson complained to a friend: "I want to run the Senate. I want to pass the bills that need to be passed. I want my party to do right. But all I ever hear from the liberals is Nigra, Nigra, Nigra." Once in the White House he determined to take care of the liberals' Nigra and all those other irritating underfooters, and take care of them all at once, with quickie programs.

But few of the humanitarian laws put through Congress during the Johnson Administration maintained their substance even to the end of his term. Medicare, yes; some of the education bills, yes. Often, however, there has been an ugly counterweight. The job programs floundered—partly because LBJ was unable to attract men like Ickes and Hopkins, who kept Roosevelt's job programs cranked up—and partly because they were so poorly designed that they are remembered today mainly for the venality and waste that marred the bureaucracy at the top. As for the wider prosperity—the longest unbroken period of prosperity in American history—much of it was traceable to a war economy the other side of which is more than 30,000 of our young men killed and more than 200,000 wounded, not to mention the Vietnamese men, women and children who have perished. Two important civil rights laws were put through Congress, yet more Negroes attend segregated schools today than did when Johnson became President, and the trend toward two nations, cut along the color line, is swifter than at the time of Kennedy's death.

Except in his militant foreign policy, Johnson had a short interest span. Unsupported by strong convictions, his amiable intentions quickly grew limp. Having passed some law with a snazzy title, he seemed not to care much that appropriations did not follow in a quantity to make the new law effective. He was no doubt sincerely angry, as he often sounded, that poverty should exist; but he was rarely angry with Congress for skimping on money for his anti-poverty programs. That, he said, was their business.

During the last year and a half of his Administration Johnson was, in fact, siding with the Congressional butchers when liberals in the Senate proposed expanding such programs. One bill, introduced in the Senate in 1968 by

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Josepn Clark and others, would have authorized the expenditure of $2.8 billion on a two-year emergency job program—a concept far more ambitious than anything put forward by Johnson. The White House sent private word to the committee handling the bill that it should be killed, and in public Johnson was significantly silent. This silence so angered Robert Kennedy that for the first time he announced that he was "actively considering" running for the Presidency. Johnson didn't care; that was in March, and he had already decided to bow out. Having made that decision, he was through with trying to do anything for the country.

A White House aide said not long ago: "The President often speaks of how rapidly a President's power declines. A President must move swiftly to use what power he has in the beginning because that power tends to dissipate—almost like fuel in a rocket. There is a big explosion and things happen, then the thrust is lost and lost very quickly. President Johnson had his 89th Congress and then things started going downhill." The complaint makes little sense because after 1966 Johnson stopped *trying* to get anything really important through Congress. He bemoans a loss of power when for two years he has made no real test of his power.

In *The American Presidency,* Clinton Rossiter theorizes that "no man can hold such a concentration of authority without feeling the urge, even though the urge be honest and patriotic, to push it beyond its usual bounds." Many Americans have feared at one time or another during the past five years that Johnson was plotting superpowers for himself, and it wasn't a silly fear, for he did indeed use elaborate trickery to get the extra-Presidential powers that were incorporated into the Tonkin Gulf resolution. But the ambitions that carried him away when he looked toward reshaping Asia were not matched by ambitions to reshape America. Roosevelt risked loss of face—in fact, he lost face—trying openly to purge some of the lawmakers who opposed his domestic reforms, and trying to pack the Supreme Court to ease the way for his emergency programs. That was the kind of effort that Rossiter was talking about—an unexpected intrusion of the Executive into other areas because of an "honest and patriotic" urge to help the country. Johnson was willing to risk his career to wage war, but he was not willing to risk loss of face to reach what he proclaimed as his domestic goals. One can only conclude that he did not care that much about the home front.

He wanted—and usually got from his first Congress—laws that sounded excellent in title. Many of them are still mainly just titles. The program to control water pollution, for example, has not even begun to take shape, though it is now three years old. For Johnson, the proclamation of great battles, the heralding of "studies" and "White House conferences," the headlined statement of his awareness of certain evils—a sort of voodoo exorcism by naming the evil—were sufficient.

In 1964 he said he had launched the Pentagon on a "very comprehensive study" of the draft because he was worried about its inequities, but the study was allowed to die and he happily signed an extension of the old draft—perhaps because he would hazard nothing that might interfere with his war—for which, by September, 1965, he was drafting five times as many men as had been drafted the previous January. Or perhaps it was only because, as so often, he grew impatient with and tired of his reform before it came to much.

On occasion, fidgeting in the confines of Presidential decorum, Johnson would tell Ed Clark how much he envied him his old-fashioned ways of doing business in the Texas legislature. Clark (who became Johnson's ambassador to Australia) used to be the most powerful lobbyist in Texas, serving as the Austin operative for the Houston law firm, Vincon, Elkins, Weems and Searls (to which Texas Gov. John Connally will retire this year as a partner). The Houston firm in many important ways ran the state through Clark; but Clark did not bother to lobby the individual legislators—he climbed the back stairs each morning of the session and laid out that day's calendar with the lieutenant governor, an old friend.

Johnson had had almost the same kind of immediate control over the affairs of the nation when he was Senate Majority Leader, and he grievously missed the cutting and whittling and bending that he used to do in the cloakrooms. But a President must build his wedge into the future with deliberate thoughtfulness, and Johnson preferred to depend on instinct and impulse.

If he had ideas of his own which he deeply believed in pursuing, one could not tell it from his acceptance of a hand-me-down Cabinet. As long as the old Kennedy crowd was willing to stay in line, they could hang around. He had no special notions about foreign affairs, so Dean Rusk was O.K. at State; it was the same with Udall at Interior and Freeman in Agriculture and, for practically the full run, McNamara at Defense. Loyalty, not fresh ideas, was what LBJ desired most of all. In military matters, however, he perked up sharply, taking a keen personal interest in the selection of all five members of the Joint Chiefs. First things came first.

Coldly detached as Senate Majority Leader, Johnson as President allowed himself the luxury of sentiment. All of a sudden he began to drip affection for the downtrodden Negro (he feared and hated the young blacks, whom he did not begin, or apparently want, to understand). In one of the most lyrical speeches ever made on the Negro problem, Johnson laid it out honestly on June 4, 1965, at Howard University:

> For the great majority of Negro Americans—the poor, the unemployed, the uprooted and the dispossessed—there is a much grimmer story. They still, as we meet here tonight, are another nation. Despite the court orders and the law, despite the legislative victories and the speeches, for them the walls are rising and the gulf is widening. . . . Negroes are trapped—as many whites are trapped—in inherited, gateless poverty. They lack training and skills. They are shut in slums, without decent medical care. Private and public poverty combine to cripple their capacities. . . . More than 73 per cent of all Negroes live in urban areas compared with less than 70 per cent of all whites. Most of these Negroes live together—a separated people.

He ticked off a number of rotten areas, and he concluded

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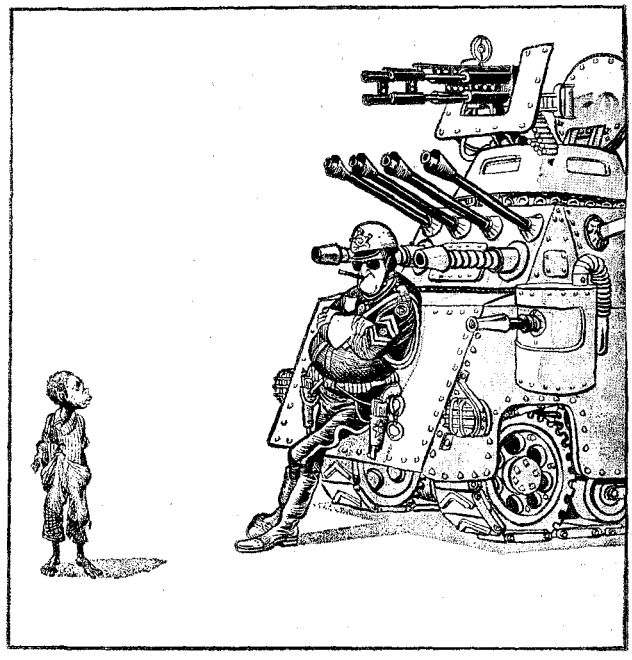
with a promise to "dedicate the expanding efforts of the Johnson Administration" to correcting the racial evils.

But he didn't correct them, or try very hard to do so. He called a White House conference of labor leaders and sociologists and Negro leaders and, when it fell apart, he became angry and impatient with the blacks, and his enthusiasm for the mantle of Lincoln was never again very high. When the President's Commission on Civil Disorders came out in 1968 with a report saying that we were becoming two nations—the very thing Johnson himself had said at Howard—he signified his displeasure by refusing to acknowledge the existence of the report, much less give it any support. His slogan in 1965 was "We Shall Overcome," but by 1966 his slogan seemed to have become "Support Your Local Police."

One would be ungrateful, however, to complain about LBJ's stagnation, for in European affairs, where he took little action, things turned out rather well in at least one important area. Preoccupied with Asia, he has not given Russia much attention—and our relations with Russia are consequently quite good. Johnson may have some instinctive awareness that this is the case, for a few weeks ago *Newsweek* reported his appraisal of do-nothing Ike as "one of the most knowledgeable men about government ever to hold office in the U.S." In Johnson, too, inaction has sometimes given the appearance of knowledge.



Macpherson, Toronto Star

The Great Society

While Johnson has all but abdicated the role of a creative Chief Executive during the past year, he has spent much of that time building his own fortune at home. It may well turn out that the Johnson financial empire in Texas is a more interesting chapter in history than the Johnson failures in Washington. He went into the Presidency with a fortune estimated at $15 million; he will return to Texas with a fortune estimated at $20 million—a healthy increase for a man who, supposedly, put his holdings in trust when he entered the White House.

Actually, Johnson has made little effort to hide what he has been up to. And what he has been up to includes abusing his public powers. He now owns, or indirectly controls, part of every bank in Austin. He also controls banks in Johnson City and in several nearby hamlets, and lately he has bought into at least one Houston bank. Some of the small banks—and all of the large ones—have profited substantially under the Johnson Administration by the use of federal moneys. Not long ago, for example, the Rural Electrification Administration, a federal agency under the Department of Agriculture, lent $25 million to the Lower Colorado River Authority, an outfit in which Johnson feels a very personal interest. The REA normally hands its money out piecemeal, to pay bills as they fall due, but in this case the REA made a singular exception and sent the LCRA the whole $25 million, before the construction project was even begun. REA officials admitted that they had never done this for any outfit except LCRA, but they also admitted they had done it twice before for LCRA—for a total of $55 million.

The LCRA deposited its money in the Johnson banks, a nice bit of federal cash for private banks to lend out and grow upon. It wasn't hard to accomplish; after all, Thomas Ferguson, chairman of LCRA, is a law partner and banking associate of A. W. Moursund of Johnson City, who is perhaps President Johnson's closest business associate.

Lyndon Johnson was 40 years old when he moved into the U.S. Senate and now, leaving the White House and public life, he is 60. He had had a few years in the House of Representatives, but did nothing important there; doubtless he can look forward to another ten years or so of active life, but except for the development of his Texas land-air-waves-banking empire, he is not likely to make any more headlines. He has had a twenty-year opportunity to whack his way into the history books, a rather remarkable twenty-year opportunity, and all the more remarkable for the failure of his achievement compared to what it might have been.

It would be absurd to put him down as a total failure—or as less than a success, if you set him against some of the other at-first promising fellows who came into the Senate with him in 1948: Russell Long of Louisiana, who has yielded so often to the wiles of the lobbyists; Hubert Humphrey, whom Liberals now view as the classic case of what might have been; Estes Kefauver, a great fighter for the people, but dead too soon to carry through his crusades; Clinton P. Anderson, spotty; Robert S. Kerr, self-seeking; Paul Douglas, like Kefauver, really too decent to hope for success in politics.

Looking at the Class of '48, it seems natural that Lyndon Johnson would be the one who finally made it to the White House. Crafty, unscrupulous but something short of corrupt, unburdened by a deep concern for the public welfare but knowing perfectly the script that any politician must memorize to be rated progressive—it was almost inevitable that he would get to the top. And that is probably one reason why so many Americans have disliked him so much—they have realized that in the long run, even without Oswald, Johnson was one of the grosser inevitabilities of the American political machine.

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LABOR & STATE: MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE

What's Good For Latin America

HENRY W. BERGER
Mr. Berger teaches history at the University of Vermont. His Union Diplomacy: American Labor's Foreign Policy in Latin America *is being prepared for publication.*

A report issued by the Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee on Latin American Affairs provides up-to-date information on the continuing adventures of the AFL-CIO overseas. Part of a larger review of the Alliance for Progress, the study is a research-staff working paper that examines the assumptions and efforts of American labor diplomacy in Latin America, the most extensive arena of AFL-CIO operations.

The report describes the alliance between the United States Government and the unions in seeking common aims of foreign policy. This involves not only a diplomatic liaison between government and trade union officials but also a formal political and monetary relationship between the government's Agency for International Development (AID) and the AFL-CIO-sponsored American Institute for Free Labor Development (AIFLD), a mutual admiration body composed of leading representatives of the unions and of the American business community. Founded in 1961 as the latest of a series of organizations concerned with labor affairs in Latin America, the AIFLD was in large part a response to Fidel Castro's revolutionary success in Cuba and the possibility that such revolutions might erupt elsewhere in the hemisphere. The AIFLD has been an instrument to combat any such developments through a program of educational, social and political assistance to favored labor elements. The Senate report charges that such aid has often amounted to actual interference in the internal affairs of Latin American unions and governments, that the AIFLD has used the funds and prestige of the United States Government to advance its objectives without government supervision, and that the AFL-CIO, which administers AIFLD, has pursued many of its aims on ideological terms which run counter to dominant social trends in Latin America.

The AIFLD receives the greatest part of its funds ($4,875,000 in 1967) from public funds. Specifically, according to the report, this money has constituted 92 per cent of AIFLD's budget since 1966, most of it channeled through AID. The remainder of the capital comes from the unions and participating business corporations.

The broad stated purposes of AIFLD are to promote democracy and capitalism. This conjunction is important, for it is evidence that American labor organizations, like their business counterparts, see capitalism as vital to an ideal democracy at home and abroad. J. Peter Grace (of W. R. Grace and Co. and chairman of the board of AIFLD) described these aims in an article quoted by the Senate Study:

> Through the AIFLD business, labor and government have come together to work toward a common goal in Latin America, namely supporting the democratic form of government, the capitalistic system and general well-being of the individual. It is an outstanding example of a national consensus effectively at work for the national interest of the United States and for the best interests of the people of Latin America.

This view is shared by AIFLD President, George Meany, the chieftain of the AFL-CIO. Speaking before the Council on Latin America on April 2, 1965, Meany declared that labor "believes in the capitalist system, and we are members of the capitalist society. We are dedicated to the preservation of this system, which rewards the workers, which is one in which management also has such a great stake." And, he added, "the investors of risk capital also must be rewarded." To his Latin American listeners, Meany's words were unmistakable: American capital investment in Latin America is beneficial to both workers and management, and the investors are entitled to a fair return on their investment. The AFL-CIO leader linked this to the effective operation of a democratic society, to which Latin Americans ought to aspire. Trade unions which support this particular version of society in Latin America are preferred over others and have benefited from AFL-CIO assistance.

The AIFLD training of Latin American union officials, at the expense of the American public, is a part of the endeavor. After a period of intensive preparation in the United States, some of these graduates are returned to their countries under an internship program, also financed by the AIFLD, to spread the gospel of American trade unionism and anti-communism to their co-workers. "We feel strongly," wrote one American union official to a Latin American employer in 1962, "that through the education of the workers, it will be possible to halt the wave of communism sweeping through Latin America." As demonstrated in the Senate committee report, these union organizers have also helped to provoke revolutions in their own countries against regimes judged unfriendly by the American labor federation and also by the United States Government.

Brazil is offered as an example where the AFL-CIO encouraged and supported efforts by AIFLD-trained unionists to overthrow the leftist government of Joao Goulart. Ironically, the Goulart regime was replaced by a military dictatorship which suppressed the labor unions—a development which presumably the American labor unions did not welcome.

Nor was this the first time that the AFL-CIO had supported an anti-Left revolution which led to a triumph of the Right. Similar results, for example, occurred in Guatemala where the leftist government of Jacobo Arbenz was overthrown in 1954 with the covert assistance of the United States in the form of money and arms, including

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planes piloted by U.S. citizens. There is no evidence that the AFL or the CIO (at that time still separate federations) had a hand in those specific operations, but the officers of the two organizations had long opposed Arbenz, applauded his collapse, and sent personnel to reorganize the Guatemalan trade union movement within ten days after the successor to Arbenz, Col. Castillo Armas, assumed the Presidency. Unfortunately, Guatemala has since been victimized by a succession of governments which have been variously incompetent, authoritarian and corrupt. Labor unions have suffered the consequences. Dissent against the present American-supported government has erupted into political violence claiming the lives of an American ambassador and other U.S. diplomatic officers; the regime is now confronted by a guerrilla movement against its rule.

None of this is really news. Indeed, neither is the continuity of official U.S. support for AFL-CIO foreign policy. It too is detailed in the Senate study. The government's decision in 1962 to make an initial $350,000 available to the AIFLD included $100,000 supplied from the President's contingency fund. This is remarkably similar to the $50,000 which Woodrow Wilson's administration provided the AFL in 1918 from the President's special fund to finance the creation of the Pan American Federation of Labor—an instrument designed to a large degree by Samuel Gompers, ostensibly to strengthen ties between the AFL and Latin American labor organizations.

The inter-American labor group of that period was also supposed to serve official U.S. foreign policy. The assistance from the government was offered surreptitiously to avoid an anti-administration reaction from home and abroad. The Senate report of 1968 points out that the present-day AIFLD arrangement "theoretically allows for a minimum of direct involvement in the Latin American situation on the part of State and AID officials, and thereby lessens the chances of State and AID officials becoming embroiled in the politics of Latin America. . . . The design is to insure 'clean' technical assistance for the entire democratic segment of the Latin American labor movement."

In its analysis, the Senate committee staff points out that many critics have attacked the AIFLD as a creature of the State Department. On the other hand, others complain that the AIFLD functions virtually without State Department controls, in spite of the heavy government subsidies. The Senate study appears to support the latter charge, especially since it recommends greater government supervision over the AIFLD. Actually, the question of who is controlling whom is essentially a bureaucratic matter, pressing for those involved, perhaps, but less important than the issue of overall policy upon which AIFLD activities are based. In this context the international ideology of the AFL-CIO, and for that matter of the United States, is really the major issue.

This salient question the Senate report overlooks. For in calling upon the State Department and its related agencies to supersede the functions of the AIFLD, the committee staff ignores the fact that Latin American critics often object to the policy as well as the tactics of American diplomacy. At the very least, the committee staff contradicts itself when it makes such a proposal, for it also notes the Latin American allegation that the State Department manipulates for its own ends the private groups that function in the hemisphere. In his slashing critique of the report, AFL-CIO President George Meany correctly demonstrates this weakness in the study's conclusions. But the more significant flaw which the committee *and* Meany fail to recognize is that changing the bureaucratic arrangement will not itself alter the policy, which both acknowledge to be the common property of the AFL-CIO and the United States Government. Both groups are committed to the maintenance of dominant American interests in the region (albeit under certain reformist rules and regulations), to the notion that American-style political institutions and capitalism are essential to a good society, and that revolutionary movements which challenge American ideas and interests are unacceptable. Neither is willing or able to see that assuring American investors "a fair return on their investment" may very well prevent the realization of any meaningful good society, democratic or otherwise, in many Latin American countries. Neither acknowledges that reformist measures, even where seriously attempted, may simply not be speedy enough or fundamental enough to produce real changes in the lives of many Latin Americans, and that in an increasing number of cases American interests are considered more secure under the aegis of conservative military regimes.

As for the unions per se, Robert Dockery, author of the first part of the Senate staff report, is perceptive when he notes that, contrary to myth, American labor has not been apolitical or a stranger to ideology. In fact, the unions have rigorously upheld the political ideology of the American private enterprise system, have usually engaged in partisan domestic politics to win economic concessions for their own constituents, supported labor movements allied with their own, and opposed unions and political parties which support ideas and actions with which they do not agree. In the past, labor based its attack against "unfriendly" unions on the ground that politics was inappropriate to trade unionism, when what it really meant was that a *particular kind* of politics was out of order because it did not agree with American labor's ideological biases. In more recent years that particular argument has not been so evident, but the essential policy has survived.

It is true that the AFL-CIO has had ties with some foreign unions which have included Socialists and supported particular Socialist measures. Without going into the content and fundamental character of the Socialist groups in question, the long history of such relationships shows that those friendships and alliances have existed for the most part only when the particular foreign unions or governments have accommodated themselves to the foreign interests of the United States Government and the American unions, or when the AFL-CIO felt it had no alternative to an even more undesirable situation. When it has believed its interests to be in danger or otherwise resisted, the AFL-CIO has opposed foreign unions and governments. At present this last point is most easily demonstrated by the AFL-CIO's widening split with the Inter-

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national Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU) and its vigorous opposition to the Latin American Confederation of Christian Trade Unions (CLASC), a nationalist, anti-imperialist, anti-capitalist, anti-Communist organization of Latin American unionists.

Such opposition, it has been suggested, has on a number of occasions resulted in active intervention in the unions and political affairs of other countries. This has been done, it should be added, often out of a quite sincere conviction on the part of various union officials that such action was in the best interests of the country involved, as well as for the security of American unions. Since World War II, in particular, such activities have been carried on with the usual explanation that international communism was about to extinguish freedom and free trade unionism. The assumption is questionable and the Senate subcommittee staff report might have stood on more relevant ground if it had called for a revision of the criteria whereby the American labor unions and the United States Government conduct their international activities.

NEW MISSION TO AFRICA

STANLEY MEISLER
Mr. Meisler, Africa correspondent of the Los Angeles Times, *is a frequent contributor to* The Nation.

Nairobi, Kenya

When he gets to reviewing American images and interventions abroad, President Nixon might start with the way in which the State Department and other U.S. Government agencies overseas are sometimes upstaged by an old foe of his—American labor. For years, the AFL-CIO has pursued its own foreign policy in Latin America, boasting, among other things, of how it helped to bring down Cheddi Jagan in British Guiana (now Guyana). Now it is turning to Africa. Since the AFL-CIO activity there is fairly new, that might be a good place for President Nixon to choke it off.

In its foreign operations, American labor sometimes acts, or tries to act, as an arm of the U.S. Government. But it can be an uncontrollable arm. In January, 1968, for example, Vice President Humphrey visited Kenya with a large party that included Irving Brown, executive director of the African American Labor Center, the main agency for AFL-CIO's activities on that continent. American Ambassador Glenn W. Ferguson thought it unwise to include Brown because he is disliked by many Kenya leaders, who believe he has shown too much favoritism to Minister for Economic Planning Tom Mboya. Ambassador Ferguson cabled to Washington a request that Brown be dropped from the trip. But the AFL-CIO can sometimes be more powerful than the State Department. Enraged AFL-CIO leaders talked to Humphrey, and the Vice President overruled the Ambassador. Brown came along.

Brown's African American Labor Center was set up in 1965 when George Meany decided that the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions had become too inept to carry out the AFL-CIO's aims in Africa. The Center operates almost entirely on AID funds, about $2.5 million so far. But unlike other organizations that use AID money, the African American Labor Center undergoes little supervision.

The Center signs agreements with African governments for labor projects, AID not being in the picture at all, except to provide the money. In theory, it could veto a labor project and refuse to turn over the funds, but actually AID officials in Africa know little about the Labor Center projects in the countries where they are stationed. If they did protest, they would likely be ignored by their superiors in Washington.

The Center often gives office equipment and cars to African unions or creates vocational training schools; for example, a tailoring school and a printers' school in Kenya. But the Center also tries to fulfill the traditional AFL-CIO role of helping non-Communist unions fight alleged Communist unions. Indeed, the Center spends the largest portion of its AID funds on Nigeria's Trade Union Institute for Social and Economic Development, an arm of the union in Nigeria that is fighting the leftist Nigerian Trade Union Congress. Brown's deputy, Lester Trachtman, explains: "Our aim is to help build the African trade unions and see that they remain independent. The Chinese and Russians see that one of the best ways to infiltrate Africa is to gain control of the labor movement."

Sometimes American labor gets involved in activities that are less overt than those of Brown's Center. And sometimes labor organizations other than the AFL-CIO become entangled in foreign operations. That seemed to be the case early in 1968 with Peace with Freedom, Inc. Unlike the African American Labor Center, Peace with Freedom was not an agency of the AFL-CIO but a kind of free lance. In 1967, it was identified as one of the many private organizations that had received CIA money. Its other major source of funds was reported to be individual American labor unions. One of these, ironically, was the United Auto Workers, which for years has been criticizing George Meany and the AFL-CIO for their CIA entanglements abroad.

Peace with Freedom was directed by Robert Thomas Gabor, a native of Hungary who had become an American citizen. In Africa, Gabor and Peace with Freedom joined with two German labor-supported foundations to set up various cultural organizations that soon sponsored a good deal of the new publishing being done in Kenya, Uganda and Zambia. This insured that Communists were largely kept out of the vital field of communications in the three countries.

Gabor's work aroused suspicion in Kenya, mainly be-

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cause he seemed too closely associated with Mboya, the Kenya leader who received a good deal of financial support from American labor before independence. Though they had no evidence, some Africans began to suspect that Gabor's cultural projects were a new way for American labor to pass money to Mboya. Last January, Kenya officials refused to let Gabor back into Kenya. He and another American were declared prohibited immigrants, a local newspaper hinting cautiously but pointedly that they might have been involved in CIA operations.

The incident embarrassed the U.S. Embassy in Nairobi. Ambassador Ferguson, who knew that the operations were controlled more by American labor than by the CIA, told a Rotary Club meeting in Nairobi: "It is sometimes wrongly assumed that the United States Embassy in Nairobi is responsible for the activities of all 3,200 Americans in Kenya. We have no control over the activities of every individual."

That, of course, is the nub of the problem to be faced by President Nixon. Does American labor have the right to operate freely abroad, sometimes interfering in the internal politics of a foreign country? Does it have the right to do this without any real control by the U.S. Government? Furthermore, should the U.S. Government foot most of the bill? These questions need to be answered in any U.S. review of labor operations abroad. And American labor ought to ask itself another question. Do all its machinations really help the people it wants to help? The ban on Gabor, for example, embarrassed Tom Mboya almost as much as it did the American Embassy. American labor can now probably help Mboya best by staying away from him and his country.

RULES WITH REASONS

THE BASES OF MORAL EDUCATION

RICHARD PETERS
Mr. Peters is professor of the Philosophy of Education at the University of London Institute of Education.

To the question—why do problems of moral education loom so large nowadays?—an obvious answer is that standards are no longer stable. A moral code cannot be taken for granted as it could, say, fifty years ago. Not that people now tend to fall short more frequently of the standards which they set themselves; rather there is much more dispute about what such standards should be. Older people are often shocked, not because the young have no standards but because they seem to have different ones.

There is something to this thesis, but not, I would suggest, quite as much as is often claimed. Perhaps in more settled and stable times parents were able to pass on a code, the details of which could be adequate for their children. When such conditions no longer obtained, after World War I, it is true that some of the younger generation did revolt on certain matters, proclaiming defiantly that morals were merely a matter of private feeling or of individual decision. But both their subjective stance and the reliance of the older generation on a tradition seem equally inadequate at this time. For, on the one hand, it sounds pretty thin to suggest that telling lies and being cruel are wrong just because of one's private feelings or personal decisions; and on the other hand, established traditions palpably cannot deal adequately with such an issue as sexual morality. The task of this generation is to work out a morality that does justice both to the "Victorian" view and to the progressive protest against it. My present purpose is to mark out such a middle road.

The first task is to identify what we are talking about when we speak of morals. What *is* a moral matter as distinct from a legal or religious one? The question is not as simple as it sounds, for moral rules cannot be identified simply by their content. Theft, murder and incest, for instance, are against the law; they are also religious sins and defy custom. And they are thought immoral. On the other hand there are some rules like those against lying and the breaking of promises that are generally matters of morality, and matters of law only under very special circumstances. Still other practices, like spitting, are highly indeterminate. Is it immoral to spit in the street? It is against the law in the subway, but in some homes it is quite customary when near a fire. What makes some say that it is an immoral practice and not just a filthy habit? What lies behind the conviction that some rules are matters of morality and others not?

It is surely the suggestion that *reasons* support such concepts as *good*, *right*, *wrong* and *ought* which gives them the status of moral rules. Such reasons mark out their importance. A rule is a rule of law if, roughly speaking, it has issued from a determinate source such as a king, a parliament or a judge. It may or may not be backed by what we would deem a sufficient reason, or deal with a matter of moral importance. If, on the other hand, we call something like shaking hands a matter of *custom*, we suggest that there's no such determinate source. Heaven knows where it came from and there may or may not be some point to it. If we were to speak of it as a moral rule, however, that would imply a reason, however limited.

To say that moral rules are those which have some backing in reasons does not, of course, go far enough; for reasons may be very peculiar. Imagine, for instance, a discussion about corporal punishment in which one person is against it because it gives rise to bruises. "What is wrong with a few bruises?" asks the other. "They turn blue," replies the opponent of such drastic measures, "and our bounden duty is to minimize the amount of blueness in the world. It's such a horrible color." We would think such a man morally mad, even though he gave reasons for

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his policies. And this would be because his fundamental principle, which made reasons relevant to him, was "Minimize the blueness in the world" instead of our commonly accepted principle of "Minimize suffering."

I've introduced this rather grotesque example merely to indicate the crucial point that fundamental principles are needed to make reasons relevant, and to confer *importance* on the moral rules which they support. The task of the moral philosopher is to show why a principle such as "Minimize suffering" is defensible, whereas a principle such as "Maximize suffering" or "Minimize blueness" is not. I cannot pursue the crucial task of justifying fundamental principles any further in this article.* I shall have to assume a general agreement that some fundamental principles—such as those of fairness, freedom, respect for persons and the like—are justifiable and that others are not. Such abstract higher order principles lie behind the conviction that matters like theft and the breaking of promises are wrong, and other things like holding a fork in the left hand, rather than in the right, are merely conventions. When, too, we wonder about the morality of such acts as spitting or extramarital sex relations we are looking at them through peepholes provided by such principles. The principles make us take account of some aspects of these practices rather than others.

My example, too, brings out the further point that there are different *levels* of morality. A small number of fundamental higher order principles are appealed to for justification of other lower order moral rules. Our duty, for instance, to obey the government obviously derives from more abstract principles such as the protection of the general welfare. But these lower-order rules are not all of a piece. Some rules, like those relating to spitting, depend very much on time and place; others, like those concerned with contracts or with noninjury to the person, are not as relative. Indeed it is difficult to conceive of a society of men in which some such rules did not obtain.

This, I think, is where one of the widespread muddles about morality creeps in; people do not distinguish among the different types of rules within a moral system. They will think that because some rules, say about gambling or sex, are relative and depend very much on time, place and circumstances, *all* moral rules are similarly relative. In parts of Africa, it is said, men are encouraged to have more than one wife; in Europe only one; in the United States only one at a time. Therefore, all morals as to marriage are relative. And fraud, murder, rape and theft are then presumably just as "culture-bound" as spitting in the street!

It should not be thought, either, that any simple appeal to a lack of consensus about moral rules necessarily establishes anything of ultimate significance about their validity. If consensus were the acid test of validity, science would also be in an insecure position; for the scientific view of the world is accepted by only a minority of the human race. If there are good reasons for moral or scientific beliefs, the fact that many cannot grasp them is irrelevant. There are probably many in the Trobriand Islands—or in England—who cannot grasp Newton's laws. Is our estimate of their truth affected by this deficiency?

Those who attack "absolute" moral principles often develop another type of argument. They say that such principles cannot be absolute because there are circumstances in which they must be bent a bit. What about "white lies"? What about breaking a promise to save someone's life? This is really a very feeble objection, because most people who believe that there are fundamental principles of morality also claim that these principles are subject to an "other things being equal" clause. If there is more than one fundamental principle, it must sometimes be the case that there is a conflict of principle. A person must nevertheless act in such cases, and whatever he does, *one* of his principles is infringed. A "white lie" is not told out of inclination or for gain or glory. It is told when the truth might cause needless suffering. In such a case other things are *not* equal. But because there are *some* cases where a principle must be infringed, nothing follows about the general duties involved. The general duty to tell the truth is not undermined by the fact that on rare occasions other duties are more urgent.

I have spent so much time on the refinements of morality before mentioning anything about moral *education* because I believe that efforts at moral education on the part of well-meaning parents and teachers are often hamstrung by confusions of the sort that I have indicated. The realization that some moral matters are far from straightforward leads to a generalized agnosticism about morality and to a lack of firmness in handing on rules to children. Children, it is proclaimed, must decide such issues for themselves. As if anyone—let alone a child—ever decided for himself that lying and cruelty are wrong!

Actually a child is well along to maturity before he can assess the rules which structure his life, can work out a code "of his own." This parallels the history of the race; for morality, as a code distinct from religion, custom and law, took a very long time to emerge. A small child lacks the subtlety of discrimination required to distinguish matters of morality from matters of law and custom, let alone to decide "for himself" on his moral principles.

How then can this process get started? Obviously this child must learn to use concepts such as "right," "wrong," and "ought." How can he do so except by being initiated into the code of a community, into a tradition? Much is picked up by imitation and identification—especially in the sphere of attitudes to others. But morality is not a skill like swimming, to be learned purely by imitation; it involves learning a whole family of concepts, which cannot be acquired without a great deal of instruction and

* See my *Ethics and Education* (Allen and Unwin, 1966).

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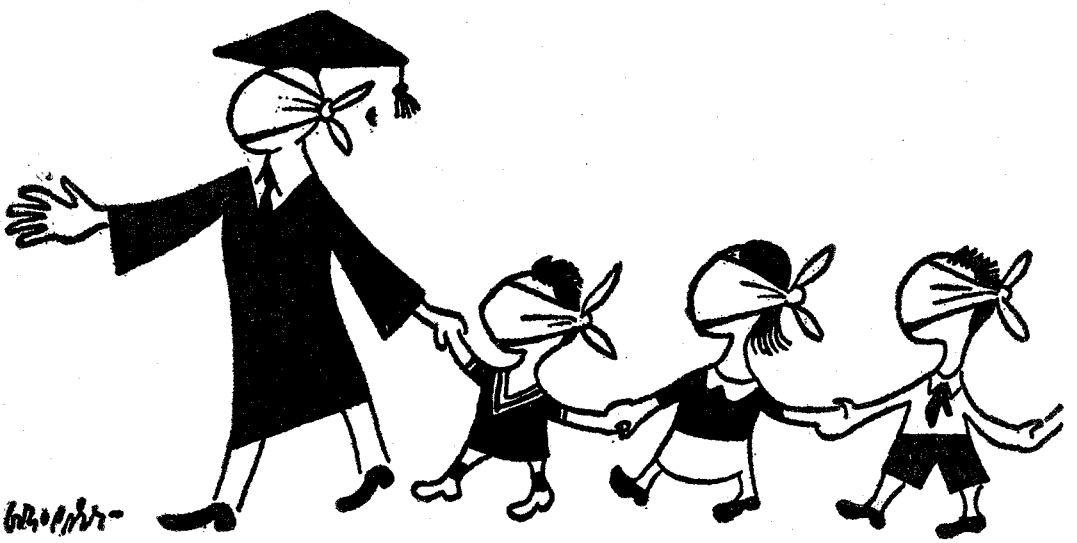
explanation. Parents often think that they are teaching children not to steal by scolding or punishing them when they take what belongs to somebody else. They do not ask themselves whether the child has yet the concept of property, of people having rights to things, and of distinctions like that between lending and giving. Without a grasp of this family of concepts, a child cannot properly understand what stealing is. Moral education must always take account of where children are, and that requires considerable imagination. Because of his limited conceptual apparatus, a child's actions look quite different to him and to the adults who are judging him.

But learning to be moral is not just a matter of learning to apply concepts correctly to certain situations; it is also a matter of learning to behave consistently in the required way. Rules must regulate something and what they regulate are human inclinations. Children must develop early the habit of regulating their inclinations. They will usually learn to do this gradually if there is a steady and predictable pressure from their parents; for one of the most valid generalizations about human behavior is that people behave overwhelmingly in accordance with their understanding of what is expected and approved. That is why *consistency* on the part of parents is so important. If a child is brought up within a firm framework of rules, and is consistently approved of when he conforms to them, he will gradually take the rules into his own mind. In this way a firm basis of habits can be laid down. Without that start, a later development of an autonomous code is most unlikely. For how can children learn to adopt rules of their own and also learn to apply them intelligently to varying situations if they have not learned from the inside what constitutes a moral rule?

Very young children do not properly understand moral concepts. By that I mean that, though they can learn to regulate their inclinations with the consciousness that certain things are right and wrong, their grasp of the *grounds* for such judgments is very hazy. They regard rules, so Piaget argues, as more or less transcendentally laid down. The notion of the validity of rules, and that they are grounded in principles, takes much longer to dawn. So it is pointless to expect very young children to do what they should because they see the reasons for it. That will come later as their understanding increases and their sympathies and loyalties begin to extend to their contemporaries. In the early stages they have to learn to do what is right without properly understanding why.

Many readers may be shocked by such a suggestion. If so, it is perhaps because their view of learning is modeled too much on "discovery methods" in, say, mathematics whereby children can be induced, through appropriate questioning, to grasp principles, to have "insight," etc. That is one very important way of learning, but it obviously has little application to such things as mechanical skills or historical facts. The beginning of wisdom in understanding human learning is to realize that there are many ways of learning and many different *types* of things that have to be learned. And one of the palpable facts is that most things in life must be learned *before* they are properly understood. In any case, understanding is usually a matter of degree. Young children learn that bodies fall to the ground if you drop them; but they cannot possibly understand why. Indeed, how many educated adults can explain gravity? In the learning of skills, such as golf or cooking, great proficiency can be attained by a mixture of practice and imitation, without the slightest understanding of the underlying principles. Morality is not just a body of beliefs; nor is it merely a system of skills. But it is like both in that during the early stages traditions must be accepted on trust from those with more experience and wisdom. Trust is essential, for without that relationship between parent or teacher and child the basic body of rules cannot be imparted with firmness and without fear.

What should form the content of a basic body of rules to provide the substance for a tradition? It would obviously include either fundamental principles themselves, such as the consideration of people's interests; or such rules as those relating to respect for persons, for property and for the keeping of contracts, that fall under the fundamental principles. A few such rules can be insisted on, without constantly correcting children over trivialities. Many conscientious parents seem to me to lack discrimination in this respect. They make as much fuss over table manners



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and tidiness as they do over lying and stealing. If children are hemmed in by rules, they have trouble developing a sense of what is morally important and what is not. I often doubt that parents are clear about this themselves!

Children vary greatly in the pace of their development, and no hard and fast rules can be laid down as to when the giving of reasons will begin to bite on a child's behavior. But one thing is apparent—reasons will be ineffective until the child's psychological development has reached the point where they awaken some response in him. A good reason for keeping a promise is the inconvenience caused to others if it is broken. But what does that mean to a boy who cares nothing about others? How can he even be moved by respect for persons if he has not gained the sympathy out of which such an attitude arises? How the psychological underpinning for morality emerges is a matter for psychologists, but I suspect that children largely learn to care if they are brought up by those whose own sympathy spreads like a contagion.

If all goes well, as the child begins to develop interests and companions outside the home, his capacity for moral reasoning will also develop—that is, if he is *encouraged* to discuss different points of view. In our highly differentiated society he will find that he has much need for such a capacity, because on many matters he will find that standards conflict. He may find, too, that social changes make some of his parents' views seem a bit old-fashioned—at least on matters that do not fall under basic moral rules. At that point there is some justification for saying that he must decide for himself where he stands. He will, however, be able to do so only if his early training has given him the necessary equipment. It is most unlikely that he will find that his parents have been mistaken on basic rules such as those relating to injury to the person and to property and to the keeping of contracts. On more relative matters, such as thrift, business ethics or sex relations, he may come to think that they are mistaken. It would be surprising nowadays if an adolescent of any spirit accepted all his parents' standards! But at least he should learn to accept or reject elements in the tradition into which he has been initiated by seeing how they square with fundamental principles. A solid basis of rules has to be passed on in such a way that a sane and sensitive morality can grow out of it. Reason must have an inheritance of traditions to work upon.

The view of morality I have here advanced assigns a crucial role to the authority of parents and teachers, both in laying down a foundation of moral rules and in encouraging children, as they develop, to strike out on their own. So I must end by saying a bit about authority, for I think that on this matter, also, there are many muddles. Our society has staged a successful revolt against the *traditional* concept of authority which gave unlimited prerogatives to men over women, to parents over children, to employers over employees. But in overthrowing this patriarchal type of authority we have tended to go too far, concluding that there is no place at all for authority—save, of course, in the sphere of law and state action. This all-or-none reaction overlooks the fact that in school and home, as well as in the state, there is a paramount need for authority—provided that it is *rationalized* and carefully related to the tasks at hand and the individuals concerned.

Authority is what bridges the gap between the generations, for unless authority figures are identified and accepted, knowledge and skill can be handed on only by coercion or bribery. In the old days children were often driven to learning things that were difficult. Progressive teachers in revolt against this approach appealed to the methods of the supermarket, where a premium is placed on appetite. The treatment of children fell in with the tendency of modern industrial societies to gear everything to consumer wants. Progressive therapists tended to forget the extreme plasticity of children's desires and the enormous part played by identification with others. This oversight is relevant both to the formation of wants and to the taking in of rules to control and channel them. Authority enters here as an intermediary between bribery and coercion. It should not be used, of course, to keep children in subservience but to bring about identification with the elements of a society that must be transmitted. A child may become interested in learning something like metal work because he admires his teacher; he may take into himself the code of a beloved parent. But unless he comes to sense what there is of value in the cherished pursuit, unless he comes to feel subjectively the rightness of a course of action, the teacher and parent have failed. Their task is to use their authority so that another generation will eventually grasp what there is of merit for itself in a style of life. They must work hard, in other words, to do themselves out of a job.

As children get older, self-discipline should take the place of imposed discipline. Constraints become internalized and children begin to weigh from within the validity of their promptings. But their tendency to be self-critical, to develop a code of their own, depends on the extent to which they must have kept critical company. The dialogue within reflects the dialogue without; that is why discussion is so important during adolescence. Those in authority over children will, therefore, attempt to get children to do what is sensible by appealing to their common sense instead of ordering them around or appealing to their own status. They will not say, "I'm your father and I'm telling you not to smoke," but will point out the dangers involved. It is a further question, however, whether a child's acceptance of good reasons should be the final criterion for his action. If a parent explains to a child why it is stupid and wrong to put objects on railway lines, and yet sees him doing so, will he stand aside and reflect that the boy is learning to choose? Parents must weigh their own fundamental principles against what is instructive for their children.

Example, of course, is crucial. Parents and others must provide a pattern out of which the child can eventually develop his own style of self-regulation. This is not likely to happen unless exercise of authority is rationalized and sensitively adapted to age, to persons, and to the tasks in hand. For the young will rightly rebel against the irrational expression of a traditional status. In brief, teachers and parents must learn to be in authority without being authoritarian.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Unexpected Revolution

RED FLAG/BLACK FLAG: French Revolution 1968. *By Patrick Seale and Maureen McConville. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 252 pp. $6.95. Ballantine Books. Paper 95c.*

THE BEGINNING OF THE END: May 1968. *By Angelo Quatrocchi and Tom Nairn. Panther Books (England).*

JEFFRY J. KAPLOW
Mr. Kaplow taught history at Columbia University until last fall when he joined the staff of the University of Ghana. He is the author of Elbeuf During the Revolutionary Period *(Johns Hopkins Press) and* New Perspectives on the French Revolution *(John Wiley).*

Lenin, who knew the value of a good slogan, would have appreciated the French revolutionaries of May, 1968, if only for their graffiti. The walls of the Sorbonne, the Odéon Theatre and the occupied factories were thick with them, and they were wonderful. *Society is a carnivorous flower. I take my desires for reality, because I believe in the reality of my desires. I understand that one could make a revolution, on condition of staking one's life.* But best of all: *It is forbidden to forbid.*

This was the revolution of liberty and fraternity as well as of equality. Neither a large share of the pie nor even all of the pie in its present state of indigestibility would suffice. There could be no contradiction between the three terms of the proposition. These were the revolutionaries who knew at last that equality, understood in the traditional Socialist sense of an end to private accumulation and exploitation, was meaningful insofar as it prepared the way for the flowering of the human personality, the creation of social, total men in place of the serialized, unidimensional, alienated individuals of advanced capitalist societies.

This was a new kind of revolution, in part because it was unexpected. Revolutions don't happen in developed Western countries, said the Marxologists. Intellectuals don't make revolutions, said the party-line Marxists. But the revolution did happen or, at least, began to happen, and it was the intellectuals who did it. So unless one wishes complacently to deny reality, the time has come to find out why.

Surely no series of events since the Paris Commune has called forth so extensive a pamphlet literature. In France, the number of words devoted to the subject can be counted only with the aid of a computer. And it appears, on the evidence of the two books under review, that the English are now ready to do their bit.

To ask why revolutions happen is not the same as to study the conscious motives of the revolutionaries. Seale and McConville concern themselves chiefly with the latter, while Nairn and Quatrocchi attempt to develop a theoretical framework from which to explain the former. I confess that while I find the journalists' chronicle skillfully done and useful, an excellent source book for the future historian, it is the second book that is truly original and stimulating. Although in some ways the books complement each other, their comparison shows the gulf that exists between a Marxist revolutionary world view (Nairn) and Left-Liberal conceptions (Seale and McConville).

Why did the students turn to the barricades? They shared a common perception of their action as a rebellion against frustration, anxiety and exclusion from power—against, it may be said, the silent acceptance in which they had been forced to live. They found that the fault lay not in the university but in the larger society, and specifically in the Establishment, the power elite, the ruling class, whose interests are best served by the continued existence of a quiet, docile, highly specialized, professionally oriented, politically unconcerned student body that will not, now or in the future, rock the boat. Little boxes, houses in the suburbs and 50,000 or more francs a year, and I'm all right, Jack.

Seale and McConville recognize this motivation when they speak of a revolt against the "inhuman efficiency of modern industrial life," made more acute in the French case by an overcentralized bureaucracy. They might have added the phrase, "under conditions of advanced capitalism," to their statement, further illuminating the use of words like alienation and the consumer society. Alienation does not in this context refer to some vague psychological malaise but rather to a lack of identity between the producer and his work, the individual and the community, each man and his self. Consumer is an excellent adjective for a society where men are expected to derive satisfaction not from their work but from the consumption of phantoms and fantasies, bottles of beer and television sets—but above all, a society in which the possession of things is supposed to replace human relationships.

Perhaps not all the students who manned the barricades were theoretically equipped to understand the connections between their own situation and the general lines of social development. But their consciousness of the situation, so far from being false, was pretty close to the mark.

This was a spontaneous revolution. Sparked by the action of numerous *groupuscules*, most prominent of which was Cohn-Bendit's Movement of 22 March, it took flame because of the stupidity and obstinacy of the university authorities. The intervention of the police attracted many more students to its ranks. But because this is true, it does not follow that the majority of its supporters were merely reformists who could be bought off with a few crumbs from Edgar Faure's table. Seale and McConville misunderstand the profundity of the movement and the nature of political education that takes place on a political barricade, if they believe this. After all, there is nothing like facing a *flic* to clarify one's ideas.

It is a sad fact that theory is far behind action in this new revolutionary movement. It is one thing to say that May, 1968, is explained by a revulsion against war and racism (the role of Vietnam as catalytic agent is of the first importance), to attribute the students' role to the heightened sensitivity and, to a lesser degree, consciousness that is theirs as members of the intelligentsia. Nairn attempts even more than this—he places the whole movement into theoretical perspective as the rebellion of the producers of alienated mental labor.

Now, students are workers, and they do produce, not merely consume, knowledge. Learning is an active process, an exchange between the teacher and the taught in which the respective roles are often reversed. The students' sense of this has long been implicit in their criticism of professors who lecture but do not teach, who think of their audiences as paying guests. It was explicit in demands that they be paid a wage—the slogan of the Union Nationale des Etudiants de France a few years ago. It lies at the base of the current revolt.

But this subjective *prise de conscience*

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proceeds from an objective base. Nairn argues that mature capitalism is a period "in which the forces of material production—the mainspring of all historical change so far—have brought about a decisive development in the forces of mental production." In order to survive, capitalism needs to generate an ever-increasing mental product in the form of the communications industry and information processing and, of course, to subordinate this mental product to the dominating power of material production. Consciousness is mass produced as a commodity. But "consciousness resists the form of commodity production by its very dialectical and social character." The bearers of consciousness fight against this misappropriation of their labor. The struggle is naturally concentrated in the universities, the factories in which consciousness as commodity is produced and where, consequently, deprivation is most directly felt.

Nairn is conscious of the audacity of his hypothesis and makes no excessive claims for it. As he points out, this is a time when theory has to be audacious merely to keep up with the practice. We have heard a good deal recently about the role of intellectuals in the making of revolution from writers like Mills and Marcuse, but Nairn is the first, to my knowledge, to offer us a reason to expect that revolution to come to pass. So whether he is right or wrong—and it is, clearly, too early to say—matters less than the use that may be made of his suggestions as analytical tools.

May demonstrated several things. First, that students and intellectuals have an unsounded revolutionary potential. It is to the eternal shame of the Communist Party and the traditional French Left in general that they failed to recognize the fact. *Ouvrierisme* or workerism has long been a feature of French Communist politics; at what cost is demonstrated by Georges Marchais' characterization in *l'Humanité* of Cohn-Bendit as a German Jew who dared to give lessons to the French working class. Leaving aside the chauvinism and the scarcely disguised anti-Semitism, we need only note how effectively this attitude serves to disrupt a militant and fruitful revolutionary alliance.

And that is the second demonstration of the May days, that French workers are still capable of thinking and acting in revolutionary terms, despite the much vaunted depolitization of the Fifth Republic. A substantial number of the 10 million strikers put themselves on the line for more than wages and a shorter work week. *Pace* Seale and McConville, they were not dreaming of their summer holidays whilst on the barricades. How hard contempt for the working man dies, even when he shows what he is capable of!

This is an era of political alliances, revolutionary and otherwise. So far on the Left, most of these have proven sterile, viz., the now defunct French Federation of the Democratic and Socialist Left. The words Popular Front still have magic to them, but the only way they can have any content is if cooperation around a common program is established among rank-and-file militants. Workers and students have got to take the initiative themselves in or outside of the traditional organizations, instead of waiting for party-union-club leaders to sign pacts vitiated at their inception by unwanted compromise and bad faith. The events of May showed that it could be done.

It is often said that there was no revolutionary situation in France last May, and this affirmation is used to denigrate the entire experience. But this is sour grapes of a traditional Left so well integrated into the system that it has long since ceased to believe in the possibility (or desirability) of revolution. May events must not be judged as one would judge the last ill-fated bid for power of some fading revolutionary leader but as a beginning.

Astride the Historical Schism

INTELLECTUAL ORIGINS OF AMERICAN RADICALISM. *By Staughton Lynd. Pantheon Books. 184 pp. $4.95.*

CLASS CONFLICT, SLAVERY, AND THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION: Ten Essays. *By Staughton Lynd. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 288 pp. $7.50.*

CYNTHIA L. ADCOCK
Mrs. Adcock's studies in history and journalism have centered on American radicalism and the Progressive Party.

> In times of change and danger when there is a quicksand of fear under men's reasoning, a sense of continuity with generations gone before can stretch like a lifeline across the scary present.

With this John Dos Passos quotation, Richard Hofstadter introduced his 1948 book, *The American Political Tradition*, a work suggesting many themes typical of American historiography during the 1950s.

Today, for a new radical breed of historian, the American past is no more reassuring than is the future; a sense of continuity might well foster a sense of futility. Can one take pride in the New Deal reforms when one-fourth the nation still lives in poverty, and far more still are insecure, restless and resentful about their condition? The Puritan myth that we are a uniquely chosen people with a historical mission now seems dubious.

The idea of national mission is at issue in the split between the "consensus historians" of the 1950s and the "New Left" scholars rising to prominence. Staughton Lynd, the young radical historian who made news in 1967 by journeying to North Vietnam, seems to stand squarely astride the schism in these two books. In one, *Intellectual Origins of American Radicalism*, Lynd compiles a huge file of quotations on conscience, liberty, equality and human rights, as seen by 18th-century neo-Lockeans and abolitionists a century later. The American radical tradition is seen gradually expanding its definition of man's natural rights, into the belief that some ideas are innate in all men. Lynd defines the radical tradition according to this theory: that is, belief that a God has implanted in every man an "Inner Light" or conscience which speaks self-evident truths and demands natural rights. Here Lynd the Quaker takes over from Lynd the historian, for empirically, conscience is as likely to bolster feudalism as to posit natural rights.

The *Intellectual Origins* links Staughton Lynd to those older historians who saw Americans (with or without the Inner Light) as sharers of a common ideology of liberty, members of a consensus of long-standing continuity, men on the make who agreed on common rules of the game, rules given by God through the Constitution.

His other recent work, *Class Conflict, Slavery, and the United States Constitution: Ten Essays*, is quite different. In these fascinating, complex but clearly argued studies, events move in contradictory, crosswise fashion. Merchants and city workers unite in politics; rebel tenants support the British King; the South gladly agrees to prohibit slavery in the old Northwest territories, and conscience is mentioned only in its default.

In *Class Conflict*, Lynd resembles more other New Left historians. He reemphasizes conflict in American history; he rejects simple interest-group economic hypotheses for a complex interpretation using economic, cultural and psychological factors. (Other New Left approaches include the idea that

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America has been a prisoner of its belief in a unique, God-given mission, a prisoner of the long dream of American expansion; that frontier expansion did not always promote democracy, but rather, geographical mobility obscured the lack of social mobility from the beginning, and permitted the nation to avoid resolving crucial social and economic conflicts. The Civil War, for instance, came only *after* the slavery issue could not be further compromised by westward expansion.)

Both conflict and compromise are essential to this historiography, and a good illustration is the three major tenets of Lynd's *Class Conflict*: *(1)* the American Revolution was waged by a coalition of diverse groups united only against British rule (groups like the neo-feudal manor lords of the Hudson Valley and their resentful rebellious tenants); *(2)* the diverse upper-class interests of this coalition were principal movers in enacting a Constitution to curb the small farmers and city artisans then dominating various state governments; *(3)* the basic conflict in writing the Constitution was not between large and small states, farm and commercial interests, nor even rich and poor, but rather between North and South as they divided over slavery, the one issue of "conscience."

Such new approaches to history have corollaries for politics, even if unintentional. Lynd wrote the *Intellectual Origins* to show that his was not the first generation of radicals antipathetic to economic determinism. *Class Conflict* is less polemical, but Lynd's purpose appears behind two statements. He quotes Jefferson, saying that "in the last analysis, one stood by and watched the great tree (of liberty) fall" repeatedly throughout history; earlier, Lynd explained one such case when a libertarian revolution was cut short:

> unable to summon the moral imagination required to transcend race prejudice, unwilling to contemplate social experiment which impinged on private property, too ready to rationalize their failure by a theory of economic determination, the (Founding) Fathers, unhappily, ambivalently, confusedly, passed by on the other side.

Lynd opposes a radicalism that relies on the forces of history, and supports a radicalism of "conscience."

In his individualized prophetic radicalism, Lynd voices, ultimately, a despair of democracy similar to that of many consensus historians. They often celebrated United States pragmatism and progress, but cast a jaundiced eye on most popular movements for greater equality and liberty. The Progressives were tinged with racism; the Populists were vulgar and backward-looking; the abolitionists were crabby men from a declining social class.

Most New Left historians accept these descriptions as accurate, but their mood is not soured thereby, nor do they in turn celebrate American moderates. A brief view of three of the more influential will illustrate their approach:

Without losing sight of Southern plantation owners' economic interests, Eugene Genovese equally emphasized the deep cultural values that shaped their commitment to slavery, and that ideologically ruled the whole South. "Slavery and its aftermath emasculated the black masses; they are today profoundly sick and shaking with convulsions," was his estimate, however reluctant.

The diplomatic historian, William Appleman Williams, wrote of the early American ideal of a corporate community guided by a strong moral sense; he demonstrated how the new Republic chose geographical, commercial and political expansion rather than face the issue of actually building that community. This helped explain the South's revulsion at Northern laissez-faire capitalism. Successful expansion and foreign investment fed the economy on capital from underdeveloped countries, but did not solve our domestic conflicts.

Christopher Lasch in *The New Radicalism in America 1889-1963* proceeded smoothly from a socio-economic class analysis of most 20th-century intellectual progressives and radicals to a sensitive psychological description of their characteristics—portraying them as confusing politics with culture, distrusting middle-class culture, and distrusting intellect itself. Thus many preferred to identify with "the laws of historical necessity" or "the working out of the popular will." Lasch's *Nation* study, "The Cultural Cold War" [September 11, 1967] suggested that this radicalism meant replacing that preference with greater trust in one's own values and powers.

The New Left historians focus on the interaction of material interests and psychological and cultural forces. To them, America shares the characteristic needs and foibles of all humanity; it is not unique, nor does it bear a special duty to history.

This approach is useful because it guards against dividing the world into villains and saints, progressives and reactionaries. Such an "existentialist" treatment builds no false opposition between "conscience" and "property rights." It shows how our forefathers, like us, struggled for a variety of goals—from paying the rent to building community. It avoids materialistic fatalism about change because it sees many possible paths for economic motivations. The New Left historians have the advantage of avoiding uncomfortable corners into which some scholars have been driven by their view of history. Not for them an oppressive sense of occupational irrelevance to "the forces of history"; after all, intellectuals play a major role in destroying restrictive systems of thought and encouraging change. Neither, for them, an elitist contempt for other, presumedly benighted, social groups; these, too, have a right to their own values, their own needs, their own conscience.

Biafra in Dixie

THE AMERICAN SERFS. *By Paul Good. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 188 pp. $4.95.*

R. M. ELMAN

Mr. Elman's most recent book is Lilo's Diary *(Scribner).*

The process of enforced starvation, dislocation, desperation, neglect which Paul Good's fine report on rural poverty discloses is commonplace today for many hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of black and white families in the Deep South and Southern Appalachia, is not the result of individual backwardness, cultural lag, or family breakdown. As Good shows, it is the result of deliberate governmental policies and economic strategies. It is also an impoverishment that is not being alleviated, but is ongoing, proliferating; for to change the situation might involve discomforting wealth and privilege, might even involve some redefinition of widespread notions of productivity, or social and personal worth, or men's responsibilities to one another.

The roots of this American Biafra are, of course, to be found in our ruthless individualism, the insularity and ignorance of our prospering classes. It is that kind of ignorance which entrusts manpower training programs in South Carolina, for example, to white supremacists who then utilize such federal funds to subsidize the local resort industry with black chambermaids and kitchen help at less than poverty-level wages; and it is that kind of individualism which permits greedy coal operators or plantation owners to ravish Kentucky or Mississippi, leaving behind a human detritus

(Continued on page 58)

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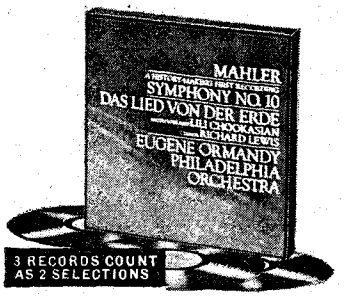

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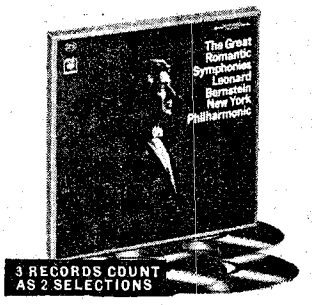

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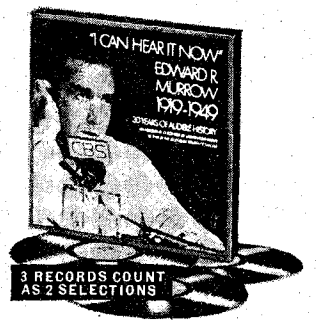

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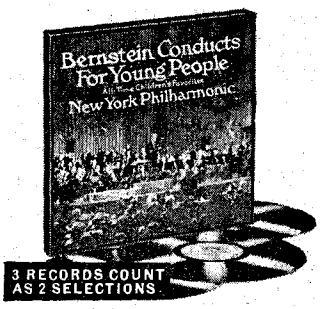

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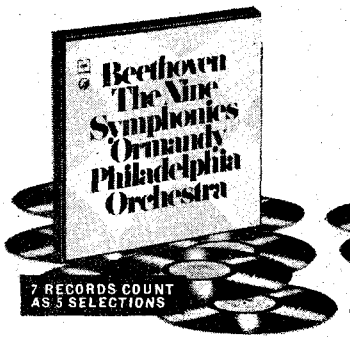
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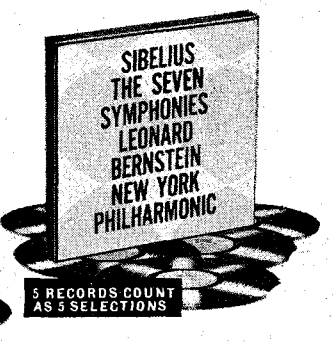

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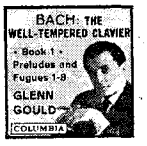

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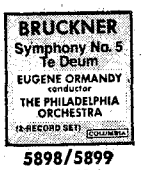

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of the unemployed and unskilled, miners and farm hands ignorant and maimed by their former trades, to whom we then minister with inadequate, short-term welfare programs, insufficient and unappetizing surplus foods, and so-called rehabilitation courses during which hundreds of boring and impertinent hours are scheduled to teach work habits (or the filling out of IRS forms) to men without the prospect of a job.

This is the post Kennedy-Johnson-OEO rural South, a seeming disaster area, but that same South which, we are told, is rapidly changing, being reformed. To the rural poor such changes mean that they are being squeezed off lands put in soil bank to migrate to the big cities of the Northeast, Midwest and California. To black tenant farmers it guarantees discriminatory agricultural services and growing quotas, at best; at worst, being thrown off your land for joining a co-op, or "redishin" to vote.

In short, if you're black, or just poor, it means that all the institutions of a purposely inadequate welfare state apparatus, administered for and by the privileged, can be turned against you so that an application for relief is viewed as anti-social behavior, the practical effects of your ignorance about birth control as lust, and the suffering and deaths of your loved ones as neglect.

With the eye for telling visual details, the ear for moving diction, of a skilled TV documentarian, and the outrage of a good journalist (but with only occasional lapses into bathos, sentimentality, special pleading), Paul Good has been able to put back all of that living nightmare quality into a Southland that has been bleached out for us by decades of chamber of commerce propagandists. It's a nightmare in which children die of starvation and disease while state governments turn down inadequate federal assistance programs as one way of encouraging the black man to go North. The rich and powerful are subsidized; the poor and weak are left to practice free enterprise; and the function of community action programs, alas, is to insure that the local socio-political-economic structure remains unthreatened.

As Good wisely points out, the effects go beyond the Mason-Dixon line. His report is based on a trip he took in the summer of 1967 when Newark and Detroit were burning at the hands of some of these refugees from federally subsidized genocide while the phony-baloney poverty hucksters were advising liberals and reformers to concentrate their efforts on the Negro's family structure.

Good's manner is impressionistic; he seeks to move us by evoking the scene, the people (often at the expense of explaining how the various political shenanigans occur), but he integrates this with interview data, the hard facts of incomes, policies, and who is doing what to whom. The problem is: who cares? Who really gives a damn? In the end, we all still prefer to blame it on the backwardness of the poor. In Orwell's day they were said to keep coal in their bathtubs; now we think it is a matter of who is sleeping with momma. We just don't care to know about any other kind of human evil. How does one go about relating to economic murder, malnutrition or the overkill of Kentucky's defoliation? Or public health policies of free enterprise pediatrics in our *enlightened* and *modernizing* era? How to swing with it?

Even interested parties, such as state civil rights commissions, are apt to be disconcerted when they are forced to look beyond their legalistic official rhetorics at this revival of Southern tribalism which our middle-class-oriented, technoparl, "modernizing" South is working toward. I recall reading some testimony by black Mississippians who told the civil rights people that they lived outside the cash economy, landless, workless, disease-ridden, hungry, without friends. One liberal member of the panel was astonished. He asked how they were managing to get by. The black faces replied: "That's just it. We're trying to tell you we're dying . . . *dying*."

I submit that to get people to really consider that fact is like asking Americans to dream that they will some day choose socialism.

MAN WITH BROOM

Driving home alone or with Angela.
I saw a sad 4:00 a.m. light
in the windows of one room
in a gradeschool by the road.

He's alone,
sweeping, looking at the floor
in front of him:
maybe twelve more years of school.

GEORGE BOWERING

Model-City Murder

SAMMY YOUNGE, JR.: The Story of the First Black Student To Die in Today's Liberation Movement. *By James Forman. Grove Press. 282 pp. $5.95.*

CHARLES SHAPIRO
Mr. Shapiro teaches in the English Department at Briarcliff College.

It seems a million years ago, the Southern summers of 1964 and 1965. College students and teachers, mostly Northern, mainly liberal, journeyed into Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia to help work on such projects as freedom schools and voter registration. Though there were beatings and jailings, a good deal of steady fear and much brooding self-analysis, there were also the wonderful moments: the singing in churches before the marches, always ending with *We Shall Overcome*; the obvious improvement of what seemed, at first, to be almost helplessly backward students; the potential voters who, after all the threats, the cowardly night attacks and the doubt, did finally register.

But there was always the knowledge among the white volunteers that this was, in essence, a hit-and-run operation, that they were leaving before the job was done and, for many, the painful and increasing awareness of being resented and often hated—not merely by the white community, for this was to be expected—but where it really hurt, by the young black militants. Black Power was on the way, nonviolence was soon to be openly denounced both as a philosophy and tactic, and the Northern white liberal didn't quite understand why he was no longer loved, admired or listened to. Those who longed to be martyrs too often ended up as clowns.

For me, one of the black men who epitomized this attitude was Sammy Younge (whom I met briefly and admired) who seemed to delight in constantly putting down the eager white volunteers. After reading James Forman's biography I begin to understand. This careful study of Sammy Younge's tormented life and death (he was murdered on January 3, 1966, at the age of 21) is presented via a series of connected interviews with those who knew him best. It is the story of an extremely light-skinned Negro from a conservative black community (the "model city" of Tuskegee, Ala.), a portrait of an often effective but too often wild militant. If ever there was a born leader it was Sammy Younge. And if ever there was a confused man, often irresponsible, it was Sammy Younge. As this biography shows, he was all too dedicated, all too selfish, all too human. A mixed-up and exciting fighter whose eventual maturity, if it came, would have helped us all. Sammy Younge's life, his hang-ups, could be studied with profit by all those white liberals who continue to insist on

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being loved or even liked by black men at a time when this isn't possible.

What I remember of him are just a few scattered moments: Younge, driving like a maniac as he veered his Volkswagen around Alabama dirt roads; his open contempt for too many of his allies; and the two times I received the famous open smile so often mentioned by Forman's informants. They were probably the only two moments when we made real contact.

Both times were outside a Methodist Church in Tuskegee. As the book so well documents, Tuskegee was unique, "as a pocket of black affluence amid the poverty of a typical Black Belt county, and as a center of high educational and professional achievement in a seat of semiliteracy (white as well as black)." Along with some Tuskegee Institute students and some outside agitators Younge was trying to integrate the church services to prove to a community that was too proud of its accommodation to the *status quo* that all was not as it seemed. He had spent some time in an Eastern prep school, a fairly common experience for the more affluent blacks from the Tuskegee middle class, and he had often played the game of passing as white for the amusement of his buddies. That Sunday, he pulled back his shirt sleeves to prove to the deacon who was barring our entrance that, in fact, the church official's skin was darker than his. I was stupid enough to laugh. The deacon threatened to punch my head in and, stealing an often used line, I replied that if it were part of the churchman's religion to clobber people on Sunday, why go right ahead. Younge smiled. A week later, outside the same church (the little homily of the week posted on their bulletin board to the effect that God commands all Christians to make proper use of their leisure time) we were set upon by a mob swinging bats and bottles, carrying knives and guns. After it was over I was leading Sammy Younge's friend, Wendell Paris, who was bleeding from a serious head wound, into my car and got into a brief hassle with an officer. Sammy, standing by, threw me his second smile. What I did not know then was that Wendell had been injured protecting Younge, who had had one kidney removed while in the Navy. The other kidney was only partly functioning, and any blow to his side might have been fatal. His civil rights agitation was, in a real sense, a life or death proposition.

His death came six months later. Forman heard the announcement over a New York City radio station. "Samuel Younge, Jr., a student at Tuskegee Institute, was killed last night at a gas station in Tuskegee, Ala. Samuel Younge had been active in civil rights activity

Why America needs war

In this shocking new book, Dr. Juan Bosch, *former President of the Dominican Republic*, documents a disastrous new form of imperialism practiced by America called "pentagonism." Under "pentagonism" — the war machine of the mother country exploits not her colonies, but her own people, using them as a source of labor and taxes to support an economy based on a perpetual state of war.

Dr. Bosch, who has seen the American military machine in action in his own country, offers first-hand insight into how "pentagonism" works and how it justifies its actions to the rest of the world. His book is must reading.

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BY JUAN BOSCH

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in the county. It is reported that he was killed while trying to use a white rest room at the gas station. Civil rights leaders plan massive demonstrations protesting his killing."

An article in *The Nation* ("Murder in Tuskegee: Day of Wrath in the Model Town" by Arnold S. Kaufman, January 31, 1966) has discussed this murder and the effect it had on the Tuskegee community. Needless to say, the killer was freed, the anger began to fade, but in some ways, Tuskegee Institute, and perhaps the town itself, would never be the same. Sammy Younge was their conscience.

Forman's work is at its best when Sammy's friends are heard from, but Forman's interjections are often an intrusion. The editor, for example, wastes too much time in a personal attack on Martin Luther King's role in the famous Selma march. What should have been important, for the sake of this book, was the effect it had on Sammy Younge.

For this biography is important as it shows us Younge's development, his hopes and his gradual exhaustion. His death served as a catalyst to others, but to try to understand his life might add knowledge to fervor. We try to do our best. But for the Northern liberal who often feels betrayed by former black colleagues Forman's book should prove that to be unloved is not exactly the ultimate punishment.

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Tyrone Guthrie has written "What we of the 20th century have inherited is not a Shakespearean tradition, it is merely a legacy of 19th-century conventions." If, despite all the erudite guesses, we know little about how Shakespeare was acted in his day, we know even less about the performance of the classic Greek drama. And if we did know there would still be little point in producing those plays as they were done in the fifth century B.C. Theatre is as much the creation of its public as of its artists.

When Guthrie chooses to direct *The House of Atreus*—which is the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus as adapted by John Levin—for the Minnesota Theatre Company with an almost all-male cast (there are several women in the Chorus) and with all the play's characters completely masked, who shall say him nay? The masks and the costumes, which appear to be made of metal, induce a hieratic atmosphere; the vocal ambiguity resulting from the masculine sonorities in women's roles removes a sense of common humanity.

So far, so good: the masks and costumes are extraordinarily striking. The voices—particularly those of Lee Richardson as the Watchman, Agamemnon and Apollo; of Robert Pastene as Aegisthus, and of Douglas Campbell's Clytemnestra and Athene—possess admirable timbre. Robin Gammill's Cassandra is memorably poignant in its plaintiveness, while his Elektra expires in utterly woebegone tones.

The adaptation, except for the intrusion of prosaic clichés which may be designed for "comedy," is a lean and lucid extract from the mighty waves of sound and sense of the original as translated by acknowledged scholars.

But no play ever emerges; we receive only fragmentary impressions. Not without surprise, I laughed occassionally; by and large I remained indifferent. At no time was I convinced that Guthrie believes in the play as a serious statement about life. Guthrie's prodigious talent moves in the area of robust comedy. It is addicted to playfulness and to swirling melodrama; it is alien to tragedy. Occasionally in *The House of Atreus* he seems to guy the proceedings: a fact particularly notable in the final episode of the trilogy. Where Aeschylus may have intended irony, Guthrie's "atheism" winks.

The greatness of the *Oresteia* is its total vision of human history as an endless skein of crime, retribution and further agony to which men must adjust, find "right" and finally glorify. "God's most lordly gift," says the text in Richard Lattimore's translation, "is decency of mind." This is grandeur. Aeschylus' scope is the cosmic: he wishes to say everything possible about *all* of life. Of this the production gives no more than a provincially formalistic inkling. One may regard it as an ambitious and thus commendable gesture, but it is more theatre exercise than flight of the spirit toward tragic wisdom, which is the essence of Aeschylus' art.

The demands of Brecht's *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* are modest compared to the Greek challenge; thus the Minnesota Theatre Company makes a pretty good and, in one respect, a brilliant, show of it. I might perhaps be more enthusiastic if I had not seen the Berliner Ensemble in one of the most completely realized productions anywhere in the theatre of the past twenty years, or that of Warsaw's Contemporary Theatre, which was fierce rather than funny. Still, the Minnesota production under the direction of Edward Payson Call is superior to that of Tony Richardson's in 1963, because, for one thing, in that fancy exhibit the director was more interested in himself than in the play.

Brecht wrote *Arturo Ui* in 1941. It was first produced in 1958, two years after his death, when its "lesson" was pertinent to a generation which had already begun to forget or never knew what had happened in Germany between the depression and the advent of the Nazis.

Brecht decided to make his instruction humorous. Another motivation for the style he chose to employ in this instance, a parody of Schiller's verse combined with elements of Shakespeare's *Richard III*, was to rob Hitler of any charisma which might still attach to his memory. Brecht made him a clown of the sort only a degraded society could have mistaken for a hero. His *Arturo Ui* is a mock gangster show, absurd in plot detail and in its bombastic doggerel. At every point Brecht makes unmistakable the analogy between his story of petty racketeers in a mythical Chicago with the rise of Hitler.

I was given evidence that he succeeded in this and that his enterprise is still useful when the young lady who was my guest at the show asked, "Did all this really happen?"—referring not to the crazy events of the play but to the historical recitation which is its "Chorus." So that the closing speech addressed to the audience by the actor playing Hitler continues to have a rousing impact: "If we could learn to look without gawking, we'd discover the truth in the heart of farce. If we could act instead of talking, we wouldn't always end up on our arse. This is 'the thing' we nearly mastered. Don't yet rejoice in his defeat, you men, for though the world stood up and stopped the bastard, the bitch that bore him is in heat again." Though more elaborate than the original German, George Tabori's translation is remarkably apt.

The focal point in the Minnesota production is Robin Gammill's Ui. He is not a better actor than Christopher Plummer, who played the role for Tony Richardson, but his Ui is more extravagantly vivid, vocally exciting and physically graphic.

There is a slight but significant contradiction between what the interlocutor says in the course of the evening about *Big Time Buck White* and what the playbill prints. In the latter it is called "a Play by Joseph Dolan Tuotti"; in the performance Big Time (the man himself) declares in answer to a question: "This is not a play but a *meeting*. If we had advertised it as a meeting you would not have come to see it."

Play or meeting, it is something which

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happens happily on the stage of the Village South Theatre at 15 Van Dam Street. First produced in California under the auspices of Budd Schulberg's Watts Writers Workshop, it is partly improvised by the original cast which still acts it here.

It is eminently worth seeing—and hearing: I phrase my commendation this way because the most original attribute of the show is its language. It is not routine black man's lingo or hippie talk, though it resembles both; it is speech new minted in the mouths of the actors or the folk of the vicinity. It is richly expressive.

Almost completely identified with the show's language is the cast that speaks it. One gets the impression that the dialogue is the spontaneous explosion of the company's impulse. I shall not name any of its individual members because they are all integral to the play's texture, and thoroughly winning.

In robust frolic the show kids the innumerable splinter groups which may rise within the "civil rights" movement. It is in no wise a tract but a cartoon lark, a kind of stage jazz developed from a serious theme. The figures are fun-loving, rambunctious, competitive, canny, conniving, teasing, crooked and upright by turn—and always convincingly "real." The "ideology" of freedom, of kinship among all races, is communicated more naturally here than in most shows which aim at "reform" through exhortation. There is nothing so embarrassing in the theatre as the presentation of minority types as model human beings. *Big Time Buck White* is joyously free of that practice.

Very pleasant too and in every respect most agreeably presented is *God is a (Guess What?)*, a light morality play about a lynching (!) written by Ray McIver with nice music by Coleridge-Taylor-Perkinson, produced by the Negro Ensemble Company at the St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Avenue.

Coming back to Broadway, Murray Schisgal's *Jimmy Shine*, at the Brooks Atkinson, is a comedy which deals with the kind of disoriented youth who lives in complacent disorder, a fellow supposedly typical of the beat and the hip.

The show's chief asset is Dustin Hoffman, an actor with a true gift for wry characterization. He was at his best in the Donald Ribman play (inspired by Turgenev) which was given several seasons ago at the American Place Theatre. He was also very good in Henry Living's *Eh?* at the Circle in the Square. He is also good without precise characterization, as in *Jimmy Shine*, because he is naturally a "character."

His quality is one of disengagement from every situation in which he finds himself: he always stands a little outside, looking in with a curiously bemused skepticism. He fits his present role perfectly. But I would suggest that he seek parts which require more particular delineation. Playing his quality only, he will repeat the pattern of his personality and become monotonous.

Also very tasty is Eli Mintz as a fishmonger. The "musical" number about the profits and pleasures of the fish business which Mintz and Hoffman do together is the high spot of the show.

It has other bright moments but it is composed of gags rather than observations. The material is similar to that of *Huui Huui*, recently produced at the Public Theatre, a play in which I found a certain health. That health was certainly not in its central figure—a would-be poet as Shine would be a painter—but in the author's understanding. Schisgal's play, even if it were proved autobiographical, is not written with true fellow feeling but with an eye to surface events. It is shoddy showmanship.

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FILMS / Robert Hatch

Ingmar Bergman is a man sensitive to human suffering, but over the years it has become increasingly ambiguous whether this awareness moves him to compassion or disdain. Pain disfigures and, aside from his Protestant implacability, I feel in Bergman an aesthetic withdrawal from a species so prone to it. His viewpoint is not only stern but remote.

Thus it is characteristic that when, in *Shame*, he makes an anti-war film, the war seems less an affliction than a punishment. Bergman is quoted (in *Atlas*) as saying that he made it "to convey the intense fear I experience," and yet the catastrophe described does not seem one that could conceivably happen to him.

As in almost all Bergman films, guilt broods over *Shame*. The central couple, both musicians, have fled the threatened city to live on an offshore island, and there they stubbornly blot out the darkening rumors of war. But it is clear from the start that they are blotting out much more than that. The man (Max von Sydow) is afflicted by a nervous disability that on occasion immobilizes and dehumanizes him. Thus when he turns bestial under the shock of bombardment one does not know whether to attribute his deterioration to the war or to an accelerated subjective decay. The wife (Liv Ullman) demands a child of him, but it seems evident that what she really seeks is the security of his masculinity. He does not have that to give, and their life together is subject to ugly outbursts and abject apologies. They are hideously ill at ease and in misery have turned their backs on so much common experience that it might be thought war befalls them because their induced aphasia makes them susceptible to external disaster. It may be that Godard is saying we are all guilty of war because we do not prevent it, but with his couple he does not indicate that any prevention, even any protest, was within their power. They resemble the Vietnamese, on whom bombs fall like a virus.

The war, when it reaches the island is nasty, but it does not look like modern war. It resembles rather armed delinquency. Like Godard in *Les Carabiniers*, Bergman does not want to acknowledge war's technical proficiency. Since its ends are mad, its means must be seen as feckless, a matter of neighborhood viciousness. But it does no good to deny war its competence, and the effect is to make the combat soldier the agent rather

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than the instrument of evil. I doubt that the revulsion against war can be propagated by reducing it to lethal bullying.

This particular conflict sweeps in upon the couple from one quarter and then there is an eye of calm. Into this steps Gunnar Bjornstrand, the local commissar, again playing one of Bergman's self-proclaimed hollow men. That character is one of his tics, and it doesn't much interest me because I don't much believe in it. There is a taint of easy poignancy about the self-indicted husk; I don't say he is synthetic, but the empty men I have met have for the most part been full of themselves.

The wind of war shifts, cutting down the commissar (whom the husband will not save because he has caught the man copulating dolefully with his wife in a ruined greenhouse). The couple then drag themselves toward the coast—the husband now reduced to the point where he will kill a boy for a pair of boots—and the illusory safety of flight in an open boat for hire to refugees with ready cash. The master of this crowded, unprovisioned vessel lets himself overboard in apparent remorse for taking his charges on a journey into the void (personal guilt dominates the film to the end), and the castaways drift into a sargasso of dead troops, which they attempt in feeble horror to fend off with boat hooks and oars. This is a "big scene"; it will be harked back to for years to come. It is, I think, too obviously labored over, and it is extended so far beyond its shock value that one begins to study its mechanics (how many of the "corpses" are floating extras, how many mere bundles of ghoulish gear?) with appraising curiosity. The film ends effectively with the boat a rind of expiring life on the horizon of an otherwise featureless sea.

As film making, *Shame* is one of Bergman's great pictures. Its texture is a grainy, volcanic gray—very pure—with the sky providing the bright, cold gleam of metal. As often with Bergman, it uses objects sparely and with respect, so that everything well made can be appreciated (though there is one scene in which von Sydow takes out his violin and lectures his wife on its history, which seemed to me absurd between musicians who had been living together for years). There are haunting passages—a Hill of Calvary scene, for example, and when the boat arrives the emergence of the refugees from among the rocks, like marmots streaming from their burrows. The photographer is Sven Mykvist and he deserves great credit.

As for Bergman, he deserves great respect, but his stature diminishes as he withdraws. Artists cannot avoid observing and judging, but they must also manage to participate. Bergman, it seems to me, no longer does so: we are down here and he is out there, and I ask myself how he won that immunity. The situation can be seen in that last shot—a spark of life, remote and fragile on the knife of the horizon, awaiting extinction in the blink of Bergman's eye.

Jules Dassin, who is ever on the lookout for ingenious ways to instruct us, has rescreened Liam O'Flaherty's novel, *The Informer*, as a melodrama of Negro militancy. He calls it *Up Tight*.

The cast, including Raymond St. Jacques, Ruby Dee, Frank Silvera, Roscoe Lee Brown and with Julian Mayfield, until now a writer, in the title role, looks fine, but seems self-conscious with mission and very much aware of Dassin as the boss. The text, on which Mayfield and Miss Dee assisted the director, is a compulsive glossary of all the clichés, pro and con, that have grown up around the black revolution. The disconcerting effect is that the performers, while they look like real people, sound like brainless puppets. If the young Negroes who have repudiated and to a considerable degree supplanted the nonviolent movement are really this much addicted to mental knee jerks and ritual action the future is indeed unpromising. Flamboyant dress and assertive behavior are understandable and not unattractive, but rote thinking is a disaster in any group, and particularly in one that has decided to lay violent hands on its destiny.

I no longer remember in detail the action of *The Informer*, but I doubt that it could have been as knuckleheaded as it now seems in this version. How is it conceivable that a group of ruthless urban *guerrillas* would turn a weak member out into the streets to be snapped up by the first police agent who notices him drifting by? They could have locked him up, they might well have killed him; sending him to Coventry is schoolboy stuff, entirely out of character with the vaunted implacability of the "movement." Mayfield plays the pariah role with a good deal of feeling, but it is a weary business waiting for him to flounder into the inevitable snare.

Of course, Dassin may intend to warn the country, and particularly the blacks themselves, that ignorance of human nature and the history of uprisings is leading the movement into disaster. But I doubt that he was so motivated or that this cast would have willingly abetted him in such a venture. O'Flaherty's story was grim enough, but it played against the background of Ireland's eventual emancipation from the Crown; it does not seem to me likely that it would have been resurrected—rather awkwardly, for the details hardly coincide—unless those overtones were intended. In any case, Dassin, if he was issuing a warning, should have been explicit, and not allowed the viewer to wonder whether the implication he senses are no more than ineptitudes of presentation.

SELF-PORTRAIT AT THIRTY

At last I've mastered
getting nowhere. Even my shadow,
as I kill time,
comes from behind
to surpass me.
It is an awkward moment.
But I tip my hat to him,

his to me.

PHILIP DOW

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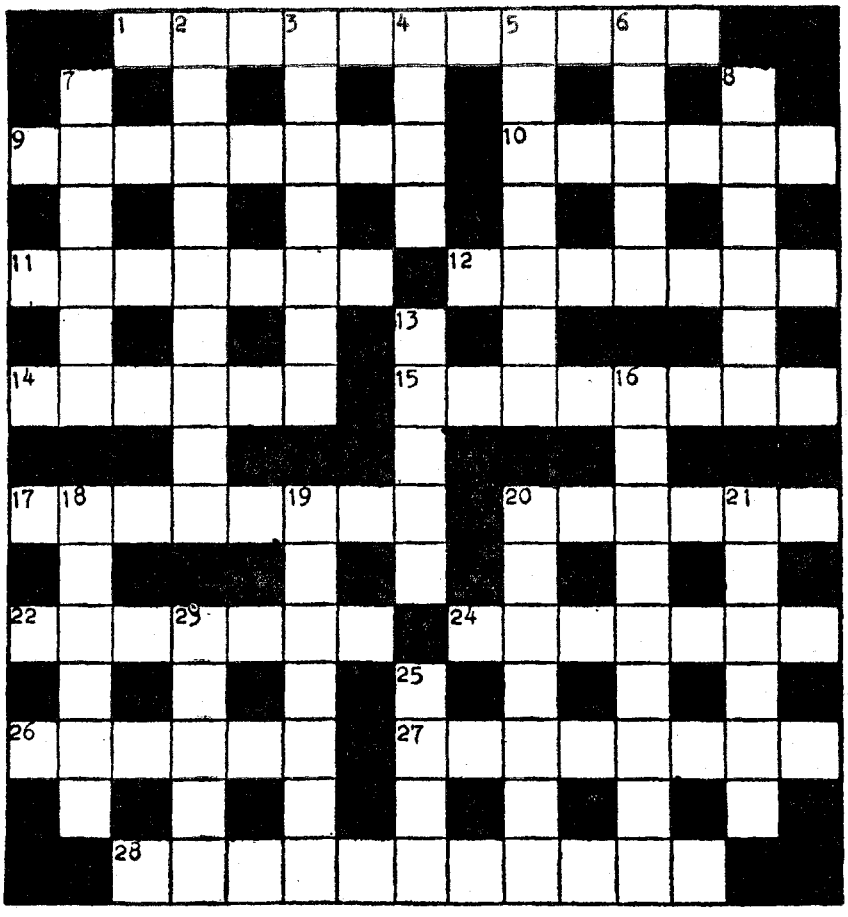
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 The last mark of the man of letters, perhaps winding up a court appearance. (5,6)
9 Having many relations. (8)
10 Points of view for old people? (6)
11 Reveals a number of things, when ordered to be so. (7)
12 See 13 down
14 Rather restricted pose about art, looking back at it! (6)
15 Up to a certain time in the bottom of the fortress? (8)
17 Teardrop in the shape of an owl, perhaps. (8)
20 Responds as a modern source of power does? (6)
22 The sort of mousetrap a helper might want to make? (7)
24 See 13 down
26 Place in Italy where work has to be organized about four. (6)
27 Given a lift (by the British, particularly)? (8)
28 Turning ill-gotten gains into it shows a certain amount of provocation. (11)

DOWN

2 See 13 down
3 One that might crawl to a stop on the street? (7)
4 Look like someone in Burke's? (4)
5 Stretches out and tacks on either side of them? (7)
6 See 19 down
7 Like Gray's ray serene. (6)
8 Canal boat? (6)
13 2 down, 24 across, 23 down and 12 across Implying captured fliers couldn't be exchanged on a one-for-one basis, particularly if Australian. (1,4,2,3,4,2,5, 3,2,3,4,)
16 Romeo, for example. (9)
18 Such as Harvey might be Welsh as a matter of course. (6)
19 and 6 down Present type of free speech? (3,4,2,3)
20 Honor a point of view? (7)
21 One who makes doilies out of a rag? (6)
23 See 13 down
25 Might be a good safe opener! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1279

ACROSS: 1 Bar Association; 9 and 12 Catcher in the Rye; 10 Chiefly; 11 and 23 Square number; 14 Heckler; 15 Ended; 17 and 21 down Shallower; 19 Cuticle; 21 Overtake; 25 Elastic; 26 Emanate; 27 Permissiveness. DOWN: 1 Backstops; 2 Retouch; 3 Spherical; 4 Ogre; 5 Incinerate; 6 Thigh; 7 Offered; 8 Dyne; 13 Place kicks; 15 Encourage; 16 Deserters; 18 Average; 20 Embrace; 22 Totem; 24 Kepi.

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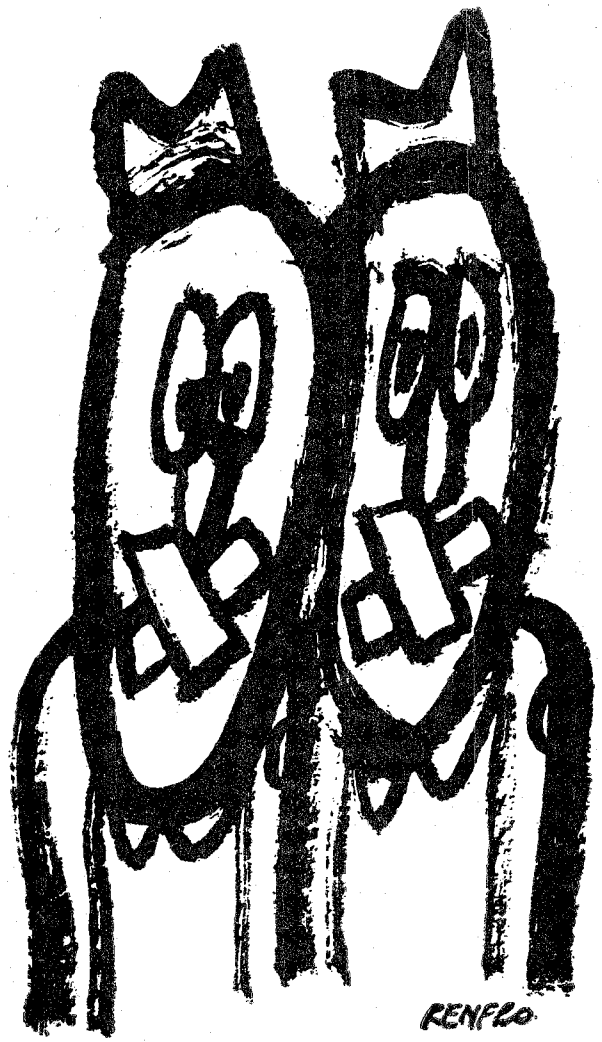

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